

# Silent Worker.

VOL. VIII.

TRENTON, N. J., JANUARY, 1896.

NO. 5

Written for THE SILENT WORKER.

## TRENTON.

**Photo. and Pen Pictures of the New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes—The Grounds and Pupils' Sports.**

THE motto for the leading article in this month's SILENT WORKER might well be Walt Whitman's line, "I celebrate myself!" For here we have, in the excellent engraving on this page, a birds-eye view of the quarters of the SILENT WORKER, and of all the other industries of the New Jersey School, of the main building, in which the home and school life of the institution goes on, of the grounds and of a spirited game of baseball which our school team is contesting against a visiting nine.

The grounds of this school occupy the entire block between Hamilton avenue, Divison street, Kent street and Chestnut avenue, a quadrangle about 400 by 750 feet, containing a little less than seven acres.

The site of the school is rather more than a mile from the centre of the city, with which it has direct communication by electric cars. With the rapid growth of Trenton within the last ten years, this property, which was quite in the outskirts of the town, has become surrounded by solid blocks of residences, with factories and churches interspersed.

Our main building, which is parallel to and faces Hamilton avenue on the north, is about 200 feet long, and three stories high. A sheltered veranda, shown in the cut, extends along the rear of the building for most of its length, and in severe winter weather affords a pleasant promenade for those who are not robust enough to exercise in the sharp frosty air. This building sits back about 150 feet from the avenue, and is approached by a circular driveway.

The grounds from the street to the front line of the building are planted with trees and shrubs, so that in the leafy season the effect is that of quite a grove. The species represented are the oak, hickory, gum-tree, tulip poplar, maple (three varieties), beech (two varieties), birch, basswood, ash, hemlock, chestnut, paulownia, walnut, lilac, spiræa (three varieties), deutzia (two varieties), syringa, fringe-tree, forsythia, magnolia, sweet

gentler sex and affording room for swings, croquet and the like, while the boys have, on the Chestnut avenue side, a baseball diamond and a football field.

Of course our boys are fond of "the national game"—they wouldn't be genuine Americans if they were not—but they have never put a very strong nine into the field. We have had some very good individual players, notably Stephenson, who has played

build up the health and to overcome the shuffling step and the stoop-shouldered position which are natural to so many growing young persons, and especially among the deaf. The chest development which follows on a course of gymnastic training cannot fail to be specially useful in the case of deaf children who are learning to speak, who quite generally fall below the normal standard in this respect.

On Saturdays and holidays the pupils are allowed to play in the gymnasium, under the oversight of an officer who permits nothing—either dangerous to the persons of the young athletes or destructive to the property of the school.

The rear of the yard, especially on the girls' side, is still shaded by a good number of trees of the original forest growth, oaks and hickories. In the south-east corner of the yard is the stable, 22 by 51 feet, with three stalls and carriage-room on ground floor, and with a loft and a



Photo. by Lenox.

GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS, SHOWING A GAME OF BASE-BALL IN PROGRESS.

shrub, hydrangea and roses in variety. Beside these, there are beds and borders of hardy flowering plants, as chrysanthemums, lilies, iris and so on, as also beds filled in spring with bright tulips and hyacinths and, later, with summer and autumn blooming flowers.

The flag-staff rises from the circular plot enclosed by the front driveway, 145 feet from the ground. The flag, of full garrison size, 20 by 30 feet, is seen in the cut floating at half mast, as the photograph was taken on Memorial Day. Every pleasant day a detachment of the older boys, selected for their good conduct and manly bearing, raise the flag at the opening of school in the morning, and lower it at sunset or when the work of the pupils' day closes, at five o'clock.

The yard in the rear of the main building contains the play-ground of the pupils, the eastern part, along Division street, being sacred to the

on different teams in the inter state leagues and filled a short engagement on the Philadelphia team. Fay, Ward and others have shown good ability as amateurs, but we have never had nine such players together at one time. In football, although they have had less practice, the boys have made a better record. In the two seasons, 1894 and '95, in which they have had a representative team, they have not only developed some strong players, but have learned to do quite effective concerted team-work.

The gymnasium, which occupies a space about 40 by 65 feet in the basement of the industrial building, shown in the middle distance in the engraving, is very completely fitted up and gives the pupils a chance both for work and for play. Under the instruction of Dr. H. B. Boice and of Miss Harriett B. Trask, the boys and the girls respectively, on alternate days, have instruction and practice in such gymnastic work as tends to

room for stableman overhead.

The routine for the pupils on school days is as follows:—Rise, 6:00; breakfast, 7:15; school, 8:15 to 12:30; dinner, 12:35; school, 1:45 to 3:30; gymnasium classes, 3:45 to 5:05; supper, 5:30; study, 7:00 to 8:00; bed, 7:00 to 9:30 according to age. Of the six hours devoted to school, each class has four in the school-room and two in the industrial department. The pupils are divided into three sections, one of which is in the industrial department and two in the school-rooms during each of the three two-hour periods into which the school day is divided. There is a reading-room for the boys and one for the girls, with writing materials, newspapers, books and games to pass the spare hours pleasantly.

On Saturdays the forenoon is devoted to industrial work, and the afternoon is given to the pupils as a half holiday.

According to the weather, the time

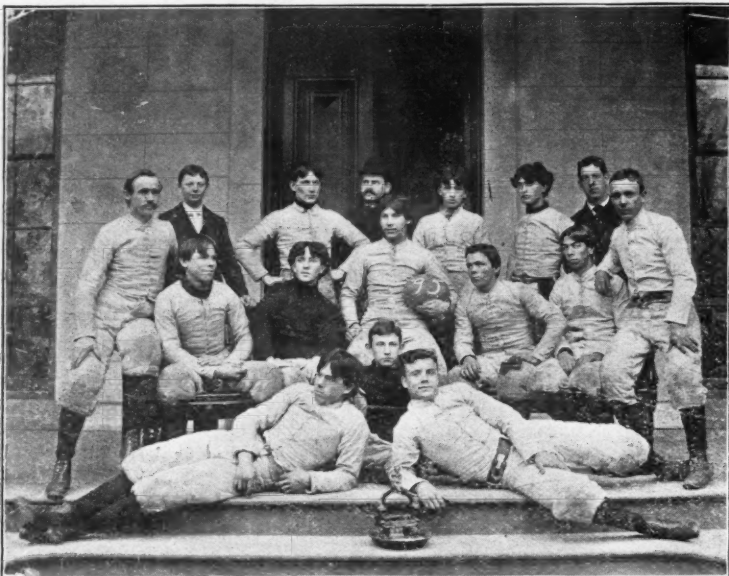


Photo. by J. C. Toft.

FOOT-BALL TEAM, 1895-1896.

B. H. Sharp G. Morris J. Brands C. Cascella J. C. Toft  
Gallagher M. Hunt G. Matzart (Capt.) D. McGarry F. Wilson  
Adolph Krokenberger  
G. Riggs J. McDevitt

of year and to their several tastes, the pupils spend the time in out-door games, walks, gymnasium practice, reading, or playing in-door games.

In the evening the pupils have either a stereopticon lecture, or some other form of entertainment—very often a story told by the manual alphabet.

On Sunday there is a lecture in the morning, and in the afternoon pupils attend Sunday School, and in the evening they have a story-lecture.

Through the kindness of the pastor and committee of Bethany Presbyterian Church, just opposite the school, our pupils are permitted to use their library and reading-room, a privilege which is freely used by some of them, as far as their leisure will permit.

Occasional entertainments are given at which the older pupils, under the friendly guidance of the ladies of the school, learn to receive, to exchange the usual greetings of society, to dance and in general to make themselves agreeable in a social way.

W. J.

#### MAUPASSANT ON WAR.

"When I but think of this word war, there comes upon me a feeling of astonishment, as if one were speaking of witchcraft or the Inquisition, something long ago ended, abominable, monstrous, against nature. When we speak of cannibals, we smile with pride to think of our superiority to these savages. Who are the savages—the real savages? Those who fight in order to eat the conquered, or those who fight in order to kill, merely to kill? Those little conscripts who are marching by yonder are destined to death as certainly as the troops of sheep the shepherd drives along the same road. They are going to fall in some meadow with a head split open by a sabre stroke or a chest pierced by

a bullet; and they are young men who might be working, producing, being useful. Their fathers are old and poor; their mothers, who for twenty years have loved them, adored them as mothers adore, will learn in six months or a year, perhaps, that the son, the boy, the big boy brought up with such care, so much money, so much love, has been thrown into a ditch, like a dead dog, after having been ripped open by a cannon-ball, and trampled on, crushed, pounded into pulp, by charges of cavalry. Why did they kill her boy, her handsome boy, her only hope, her pride, her life? She does not know. Yes—why? War? To fight, to murder, to massacre men! And we have today in our epoch, under our civilization, beneath the acme of science and of philosophy to which we flatter ourselves humankind has attained, schools where they teach how to kill, to kill from great distances, with accuracy, quantities of men at once—to kill without judicial sentence poor innocent devils with families dependent on them. . . . A genius at massacre, Von Moltke, replied recently to some peace delegates in these incredible words:

"War is holy, of divine origin; it is one of the world's sacred laws; it arouses among men all the noble sentiments, honor, disinterestedness, virtue, and courage, and, in one word, hinders them from sinking into the most hideous materialism."

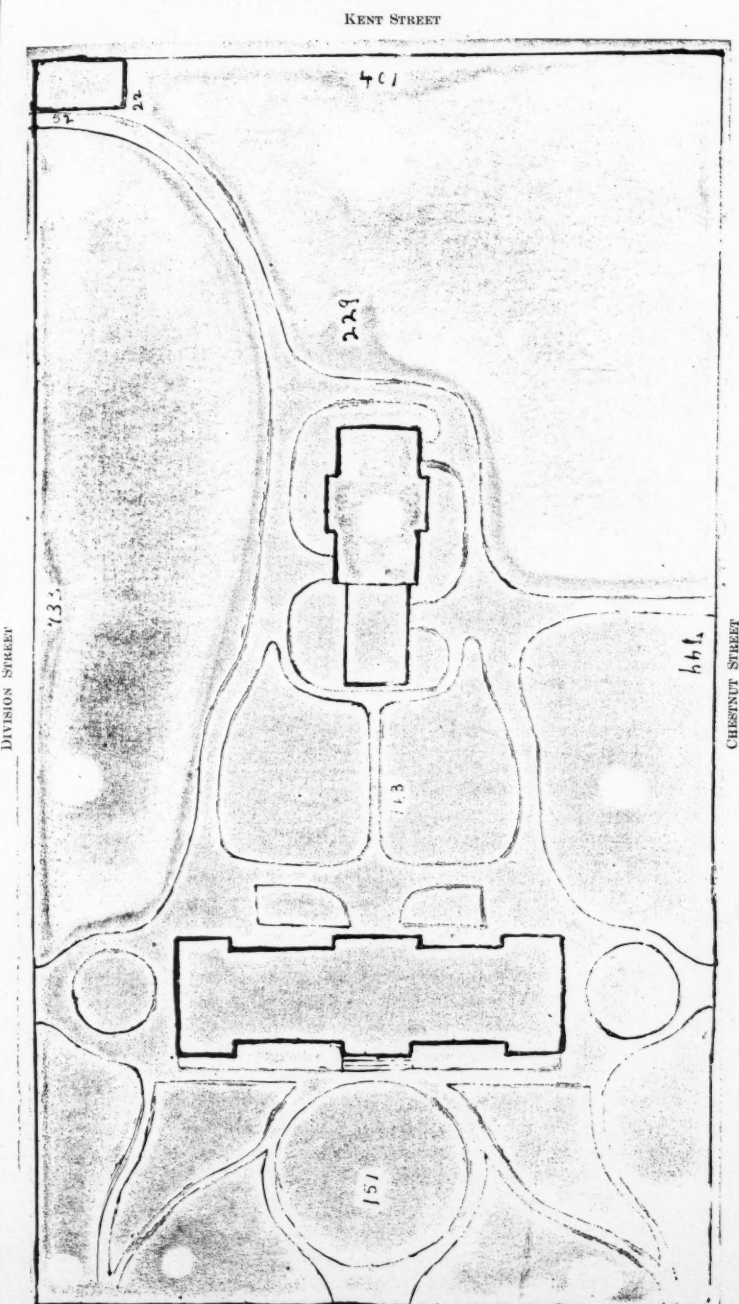
"So, then, to gather in armies of 400,000 men, to march without rest, night and day, thinking of nothing, studying nothing, reading nothing, useful to nobody, covered with filth, sleeping in mud, living like brutes in continued mental vacancy, pillaging towns, burning villages, ruining people; then to meet another agglomeration of human flesh, to charge upon

it, to make lakes of blood, fields of battered flesh trampled into the red and muddy earth; to have your arms or legs carried off, your skull smashed, without profiting anybody, and then to die in some fence-corner, while your wife and children perish of hunger—that is what is called 'not sinking into the most hideous materialism!' Soldiers are the scourge of the world. We struggle against nature, against ignorance, against obstacles of every kind, to make this wretched life of ours less wretched. Men, philanthropists, scientists, use up their days in working, searching for something to save or soothe their brothers. They go enthusiastically about their useful labors, piling discovery on discovery, enlarging human wisdom, broadening science, giving their country every year some new

piece of learning—prosperity, gladness, and vitality. Then comes war; in six months the generals have destroyed twenty years of effort, of patience, of genius. This is what is called 'not sinking into the most hideous materialism!' . . . To enter a country, to murder a man who is defending his house, because he wears a blouse and hasn't a helmet upon his head, to burn down the dwelling of wretches who have no bread to give, to smash furniture or steal it, to drink the wine you find in the cellars, violate the women you find in the streets, burn up millions of francs into ashes, and then march off, leaving behind you desolation and the cholera—that is what is called 'not sinking into the most hideous materialism!'"

Subscribe for THE SILENT WORKER.

#### DIAGRAM OF THE GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS OF THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR DEAF-MUTES.



Drawn by C. Cascella.

HAMILTON AVE

### The Pendola Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, at Siena, Italy.

BY REV. DON LUIGI CAPPELLI.

THIS excellent Institution stands in the most elevated part of Siena, in the Via Commasso-Pendola (formerly Della Murella,) near the ancient little church of the martyr St. Ansano, who was a member of the illustrious Roman family of the Anicii, and who, at the beginning of the fourth century, was the first preacher of Christianity in Siena. In close proximity is the Istituto di Santo Teresa, where many beautiful modern paintings may be admired.

The departments for boys and girls are built upon opposite sides of the street. The former is an imposing building, erected by the architect Cav. Giuseppa Partmi; the department for the latter is a structure

chiefly of ancient date. From a very humble commencement, the work of the school has extended until there may now be numbered an average of one hundred pupils, of whom nearly half are girls.

Briefly, the origin of the school may be thus described. In 1821 Padre Tommaso Pendola came to Siena to teach philosophy, and he formed the resolution to take up the study of the mental and moral condition of the deaf and dumb. It was suggested to him by the noble Signor Celso Petrucci that he should study the works of the Abbé Sicard, and at the same time Signor Petrucci placed under his care three poor deaf-mute boys, whom, by a noble impulse of charity, he had been endeavouring to

instruct. This small beginning formed the seed which afterwards grew into such a large and flourishing tree.

As Father Pendola was not satisfied with the ideas of the French teachers, he went to Genoa in 1825, and sought the wise advice of Father Assorotti, who had devoted his life to the welfare of the deaf and dumb. From him he obtained valuable counsel regarding the best means of conducting their education. When the enlargement of this little school became necessary, Father Pendola was en-

couraged by Professor de Santi to make an appeal to public charity. It met with a most generous response. High and low, rich and poor, appeared to vie with each other in their endeavours to support this deserving institution. The Grand-Duke Leopold II. was one of the first to set an example of generosity, and it would be impossible to record the names of the many Siennese subscribers. We will merely mention Luigo Pieroni as one of the most active benefactors of the cause.

Prominent among these benefactors we will not omit to mention Prince Maximilian of Austria, afterwards the unfortunate Emperor of Mexico.

On August 17th, 1828, the Grand Duke Leopold II., impressed by the excellent results achieved by Father Pendola, assigned to the Institution 2,400 lire yearly from his private purse, thus enabling double the number of pupils to be received. In 1834 the Grand Duke and his family founded eight more scholarships, and then, for the first time, girls began to be received, as well as boys. On the School for the Deaf and Dumb at Pisa being closed in 1844, its pupils were transferred to the Institution at Siena. The number of pupils continued to increase in proportion as help was forthcoming in the shape of legacies bequeathed by pious benefactors, and scholarships founded by the Italian Government, the Ministers of the Interior, and of Public Instruction, and by several Provincial Councils.

The direction of the whole Institution and matters relating to the education of the boys are in the hands of Father Scuole Pie, and the control of the girls is confided to the Sisters of Charity, of whom the Lady Superior is Sister Giuseppina Caccialupi. The boys are taught carpentry, wood-carving, tailoring, book-binding, shoemaking, and physical exercises. The girls are trained in household duties, and receive instruction in drawing, and painting in water-colours.

If space permitted we could mention many former pupils of the Institution who have done well in various occupations; but, like the names of many benefactors to this noble charity, they have to be excluded from our brief notice. We can only single out Giovanni Martelli, one of the present teaching staff, and Vittorio Pozzi, who had the honour, during Queen Victoria's late visit to Florence, of being commissioned by Her Majesty to paint copies of two pictures, including one of the Virgin Mary by an unknown artist.

The exclusive adoption of the oral method at the Pendola Institution commenced in the year 1871, at the instigation of Don Serafino Balestra, and in 1872 the journal *L'Educazione dei Sordo-Muti*, which is now under the direction of P. Giulio Ferreri, began to be issued.

As we have already stated, the present average number of the pupils is one hundred. Boys and girls remain seven years under instruction. Each department is divided into five classes, and the preparatory class in each is divided into two sections.

The present male teaching staff is composed as follows:—

Director, Cav. P. Vittorio Banchi; Vice-Director, P. Giulio Ferreri; Teachers of the five classes, P. Domenico Agazzi, P. Alfredo Morbidi, P. Costantino Mattoli, P. Leonardo



THE ABOVE PORTRAITS ARE

- 1.—The late Padre OTTAVIANO ASSAROTTI, Delle Scuole Pie.
- 2.—The late Padre TOMMASO PENDOLA, Delle Scuole Pie, founder and director of the Siennese Institution.
- 3.—The late Padre ENRICO MARCHIO, Delle Scuole Pie, a teacher in the Istituto Pendola.
- 4.—The late Don LINO LAZZERI, once a teacher in the Istituto Pendola and afterwards Director of the Istituto Pie Sordomuti, at Turin.
- 5.—DON LUIGI CAPPELLI, a teacher in the Istituto Pendola.
- 6.—GIOVANNI MARTELLI, a graduate of Istituto Pendola, painter.
- 7.—VITTORIO POZZI, a graduate of the Istituto Pendola, painter.
- 8.—GIUSEPPE MARZI, a graduate of the Istituto Pendola, wood-carver.
- 9.—PETRONIO ADANI, a graduate of the Istituto Pendola, engraver.
- 10.—ORESTE GRANDIS, a graduate of the Istituto Pendola, engraver.

Charity should acknowledge no political restrictions, and we are glad to say that foreigners also helped with their money to extend the usefulness of this Institution. The early reports of the school contain the names of a great many British, German, and other foreign donors to its funds.



THE ITALIAN ALPHABET.

Tognoli; Teachers of the Drawing, Prof. Gaetano Marinelli and Sig. Giovanni Martelli.

Written for THE SILENT WORKER.

### A TRIP TO THE MAINE WOODS.

(Continued from last month.)

ONE morning we paddled to a grassy pond, where we saw a cow moose and three bulls, the male members of the party apparently rather sulky, as they kept well apart. After taking a good look, I decided that none of them had a pair of antlers worth adding to my collection. We watched them for some minutes, when hearing a crackling in the brush, we turned to see a big four-year-old bull-moose walk out into plain sight. He turned away but a low call from my guide brought him back. Although a big fellow his antlers were only about two feet long. We had all five moose in plain sight for some minutes, when they slowly went off into the forest without alarm. My guide began to think that I was too hard to suit and that I would, after all, go back without the coveted antlers.

The next day, however, I was well rewarded. Before sunrise we made our way to the same little pond, and waited.

Through the still, frosty air we heard, at the distance of half a mile, the peculiar whine of a cow moose, followed by the clash of antlers and the angry roar of two bulls. The sounds came nearer, and presently the three splashed across the brook just above us. Then, for several minutes, we had a sight such as comes to a hunter seldom in a life-time. A monster bull with spreading antlers was fighting with a smaller and younger one. They would paw and bellow, then rush at each other, coming together with a crash. Then they would rear and strike out, like boxers, with their sharp fore-feet. Then they would drop on all fours, and lock horns, pushing with all their strength. Then the smaller one, finding that "weight will tell," would break away, and jumping to one side as quickly as a cat, would make a dart for his enemy's flank. But a quick turn of the head, and the wide spreading antlers blocked the way; in football terms, "he couldn't get 'round the ends." Meanwhile the cow stood and watched the battle. Much as I wanted those antlers, I would gladly have exchanged my rifle for a camera. After watching the battle for some minutes (it seemed hours), I raised my 45—90 Winchester and fired two shots. The smoke hid every thing for the moment, and jumping out into the mud and water, I scrambled up the bank, hoping to get another shot before my moose reached the line of woods. To my surprise I found that he had followed the bend of the stream and here I was within fifteen yards of him and right in his path. He seemed equally

surprised, and stopped short. I was rather embarrassed—no tree to climb, "the walking was poor" and the outlook, if he chose to charge, was squally. Before he had made up his mind what to do, I fired, hitting him in the shoulder, and, luckily, he turned and made for the woods, but fell dead before he had gone seventy-five yards. Mindful of my promise to the SILENT WORKER, I sent my guide five miles to camp for the camera. We unfortunately did not cut away the grass in front of the carcass, so that the full bulk does not show, but the cut will give a fair idea of his size. He measured six feet, five inches from hoofs to withers, and weighed, as estimated, 1100 pounds—as much as a good sized horse. His antlers spread over four feet but are hardly as large as might be expected from so big a moose. They are, however, unusually symmetrical and perfect. When I

him. Indeed one great wonder of the woods is how such heavy and seemingly awkward creatures as the moose and the bear can go so fast and so silently through the dense forest.

During our stay at home camp we lived high, and our guides had a chance to show their skill in forest cookery. Did one modestly call us to dine on roast caribou and baked trout, the other trumped his card at supper with partridge stew and venison smother. For a crowning feast we had "whango," a compound of "every thing in camp." Moose-meat, caribou, venison, rabbit, partridge, rice, pork—all this and more you eat in that one dish of whango—the pot having been buried all night in a hole in the ground and covered with hot embers.

It was with regret that, when the time came, we broke camp and started for home. For five weeks we had



returned to home camp, I found my companion, Mr. Miller, there, just returned from a five days' trip in another direction, with a fine moose-head and a big caribou. He was justly proud of his skill shown in calling the moose down himself and in killing it by a lucky shot at the distance of 350 yards. The bullet struck in the neck and broke the back bone. Of course it was chance, but such a chance never happens to an ordinary marksman. After our hard week's work we now took things easier—exploring the water-courses in our canoes, fishing a little to keep our larder supplied with trout, which we caught to weigh two and three pounds apiece, and shooting grouse as we needed them. They would stay on their perch in the trees until we got near enough to shoot their heads off with a rifle. Once we came full upon a bear who was lying in a clump of bushes not more than ten feet away as we paddled up, but before I could get my rifle he was off, and it would have been hopeless to pursue

not seen a newspaper or a letter. Tariff, Cuba, the Eastern question, Nordau—we had escaped from them all. We "felt like fighting cocks"—as hard of muscle and as full of spirit, though it must be confessed, by no means so sleek and glossy. Loaded with horns, hides and caribou meat, the trophies of the hunt, we paddled and waded and carried our canoes over the course by which we had entered. At Portage lake we had stopped for dinner when a man walked quietly up to the fire. We greeted him and asked him to sit down and eat with us, but he declined. I noticed that his rifle never left his hand, and that his eyes were constantly glancing all around. He accepted an offer of coffee and tobacco, then slipped off into the woods. He was, as my guide told me afterwards, an outlaw—formerly a guide, who killed a man last summer and has since been hiding. His winter must be spent among those awful solitudes with only such food as the forest will yield him. Perhaps the sheriff will

raise a posse and hunt him down when the deep snow comes, but being a desperate man, a dead shot and an expert woodman, he has inspired caution among those who would capture him.

After several days of hard work we crossed the North-east carry to the head of Moosehead lake and were again within reach of a steamboat and of the United States mail.

Our guides, to whose skill and zeal our success was so largely due, are men of an interesting type. Andrew, my own guide, is one of the most perfect men physically I have ever seen—full six feet high, broad and deep and large limbed, but quiet and swift in his movements, like a panther. In the winter he traps the wild animals which still exist in number sufficient to repay a skilful trapper for his severe toil. In the spring he drives logs down the swollen river, directing a gang of rough and reckless lumbermen, and often risking his life in a "jam" when the floating mass of logs is caught by some obstruction and held piled up until a daring and skilful axeman cuts the "key-log" and sets the avalanche loose. In the autumn he guides sportsmen, and every season sees his bank balance handsomely enlarged. All the lore of the wilderness—the trees and plants, the game animals and the vermin, the signs of the weather, the lay of the land, the courses of the streams, he knows as he knows his letters. He will never touch a drop of liquor in the woods, even when wet and chilled to the bone. And here I would say that, although not quite so rigid as my friend Andrew, I can say that it is entirely a mistaken notion that one can bear cold and fatigue better with whiskey than without it. Have plenty of coffee and drink it hot, and you will bear hardships better, shoot straighter and feel better than if you rely on spirits.

A gentleman who had enjoyed Andrew's companionship in their expeditions had given him a copy of Macaulay's Essays, and in talking with him over the camp-fire, I realized the force of the saying: "Beware of the man of one book!" I confess I could not remember how many men Clive had at the defence of Arcot, nor when the Dundas ministry came in, but Andrew had it all pat. I could fancy him in his lonely hut during the long winter evenings, living in the world of the brilliant historian's story, and feeding his imagination on scenes so far removed from his own experience. No man whom I ever met—and I meet a good many men of many occupations—seems to me more genuine, more master of himself and of those things which most behooves him to know, better company amid his own surroundings, than he.

I return to civilization glad to have been among mountains which do not

serve as background and advertisement to a big hotel, to have looked upon noble scenery without overhearing at my elbow—"How pretty!"—to have seen something of nature more untamed than a close-shaven lawn, a Japanese maple and a bed of geraniums.

I hope that I, and those of the SILENT WORKER's readers who share my tastes, may have the like experience again. W. T. J.

WRITTEN FOR THE SILENT WORKER.

#### ARMENIA'S CRY.

B. H. SHARP.

Out of the Orient sky,  
Cometh a pitiful cry,  
Calling for aid.

In far Armenia's land,  
From the Turk's murderous hand,  
Flee they dismayed;

Followed by treacherous foe,  
Who bring destructive woe  
Of fire and sword,

They to the Occident call,  
Save from benighted thrall,  
Of Moslem horde.

Thousands are perishing now,  
Stricken so fearfully, how  
Long will ye wait.

Look to our perishing wives,  
Treated so ruthlessly, lives  
Made desolate.

Daughters most cruelly reft,  
Loved ones so painfully cleft,  
Borne off alone:

Sons into slavery sold,  
Driven from sheltering fold,  
Of church and home.

Nothing to you, can it be?  
Careless, our suffering see,  
None to befriend?

Hearts truly, earnestly plead;  
Tenderly patiently, heed,  
Our cause defend.

Hear our despairing cry,  
Lovers of liberty, fly,  
Naught to delay.

Come in humanity's name,  
Save from the century's shame,  
Come, come today.

Refuge for all people oppressed,  
We who are sorely distressed,  
Look unto Thee.

Make bare Thine Almighty arm,  
Quickly deliver from harm,  
Save mightily.

Jesus who suffered for us,  
We will be true to thee, Thus  
Showing our love.

Keep us we fervently pray,  
From the fell destroyer's sway;  
Bring us above.

One trouble with this world is that there are too many people in it who do not cast their bread upon the water unless they are assured before hand that it will come back in a few days a full grown sandwich all trimmed with ham and mustard rolled up in a warranty deed for one-half of the earth and a mortgage on the other half.—*Poplar Bluff Citizen.*

#### SMALL OBSERVES.

BY THE SMALL OBSERVER.

THERE seem to be some original dancing steps among our girls, or at least there used to be when I was at school, for by a visit to the girls' play room one could see many pretty yet strictly modest dances. The names were also original—viz:—"blue," "fox," "red," "bird" and many others. Some time ago while I was paying a visit to my *Alma Mater* I was asked by one of the girls if I could dance the "Liberty Bell." After a few moments' deliberation I replied I had never run across such a dance directly or indirectly and begged my fair questioner for instruction. It being given me I was greatly surprised to find it was the two-step, at least the time was, and I said so. My partner insisted, through a long discussion, it was the "Liberty Bell," and won by my giving up trying to convince one who has her own convictions and means to stick to them. I was sorely puzzled over the incident and saw no way to solve the difficulty.

Recently while I was turning over some dance music I came to a piece with this on it: "Liberty Bell two-step, by John Philip Sousa," like a flash, the meaning of the whole thing I was puzzled over was laid before me and such a laugh with myself I never enjoyed before. It seems she must have been dancing with some one who had a peculiar way of dancing and mistook the title of the music for the dance itself.

Of all studies for the deaf the most difficult seems to be arithmetic. I don't think a pupil should be allowed to go higher than division till he can understand the rules. Fractions seem to be the greatest stumbling block in the whole study. I remember I was on fractions alone for several years, yet I can not do a sum in them without some difficulty.

The best way to solve the trouble between the oralist, combined systemists and manualists seems to be to put a thousand deaf-mutes under each system. The class that shows the most general intelligence at the age of 10 years should be declared the winner.

No one who contributes to a paper should make a statement unless he is prepared to stand by it. If he has to take it back, it should be done without making any excuse.

A deaf person in a community where there are no other deaf persons is more apt to pick up experience and cultivate acquaintance with the hearing. A semi-mute hardly feels lonesome when he mingles with other persons. If all the experience and observation the deaf gained in

their existence were put down on paper what a wonderful lot of "stuff" it would be.

Why has a deaf-mute such a quick temper? I have one that is aroused easily; but my lack of physical strength always makes me realize that discretion is the better part of valor. Won't some one enlighten me on the subject?

The following item clipped from the New York *World* of Sunday, August 18th, caused a smile to stick to our face for quite a while:

The first deaf-mute to enter a college in this country is Miss Hypatia Boyd, who will begin a course at Wisconsin University in the fall. Miss Boyd lost her hearing when she was six years old, and the power of speech shortly after. She was one of the first pupils at the Milwaukee School for the Deaf and Dumb, where the "oral method" is used exclusively. So effective did this method prove in Miss Boyd's case that when she was graduated, in 1891, from the school she was able to enter the regular high school and to understand her teacher by following the movements of their lips. She has passed the university entrance examination with honor.

#### A Deaf-Mute's Sight Telephone.

There does not live to-day a prouder boy than Willie Tilson Mosher, a young American who hails from Meadow Brook Farm, Ohio, just eighteen miles from the city of Toledo.

Willie is 10 years old, and as bright a lad as wears the *Recorder*, Jr., button, but he is a deaf-mute, and can not express in words the wonderful thoughts that sometimes fill his young mind. Meadow Brook Farm is the country home of Willie's father, and on that large, beautiful farm Willie has lived his ten years of life, happy, light-hearted, but unable to speak a word. Of course, he has had the usual training that is generally given to those who are deaf and dumb, and has learned long ago to spell on his fingers and write his thoughts in the indifferent manner those poor unfortunates readily acquire; but more than all this Willie has accomplished, and all through his own exertions.

He has invented an instrument that he calls the "Mute's Telephone," which has a series of tiny keys, or hammers, that are placed at either end of the instrument. An alphabet, of which he is also the inventor, is brought into use by the rise and fall of the keys or hammers manipulated by the sender of message, and the receiver, watching the play of these keys at his end of the "Mute's Telephone," is enabled to catch the message and send an answer by playing on a similar set of keys arranged at his point of the instrument.

Willie's model was a very rudely constructed affair, being made of twine and old cracker boxes, but the boy did his work neatly and well, and

so greatly was a gentleman visiting his home impressed with the cleverness of the invention, that he mentioned it to one of the directors of the school for deaf-mutes in this city, and Willie Mosher became famous. The boy was sent for, and he arrived in New York a few weeks ago with his instrument and his papa and went at once to the above-named institution. The boy explained his invention, showed how the instrument worked, and with the aid of another mute, proved that his "Mute Telephone," could be turned to practical account. The result of Willie's experiment is that the directors of the asylum are having made a larger and more substantial instrument on Willie's plan, and are determined to test the real practical value of the boy's invention.

If the final test of the instrument proves satisfactory, and it is believed that it will, why, then, Willie Mosher's telephone will be adopted as a means of communication between the deaf-mutes at long distances, and instruments will be placed in the large institutions of the country, for already Willie's fame as an inventor has spread and the mutes all over the country are talking of him—on their fingers, you know—and this little country boy from the Ohio hills is the hero of the hour among these voiceless folk.—*N. Y. Recorder.*

#### Coleridge's Christmas Hymn.

The shepherds went their hasty way,  
And found the lowly stable shed  
Where the Virgin-Mother lay:  
And now they checked their eager tread,  
For to the babe that at her bosom clung,  
A mother's song the Virgin-Mother sung.  
They told her how a glorious light,  
Streaming from a heavenly throng,  
Around them shone, suspending night!  
While sweeter than a mother's song,  
Blest angels heralded the Saviour's birth,  
Glory to God on High! and Peace on Earth!

Thou mother of the Prince of Peace,  
Poor, simple, and of low estate?  
That strife should vanish, battle cease,  
O why should this thy soul elate?  
Sweet music's loudest note, the poet's story,  
Didst thou ne'er love to hear of fame and glory?

Tell this in some more courtly scene,  
To maids and youths in robes of state!  
I am a woman poor and mean,  
And therefore is my soul elate.  
*War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled  
That from the aged father tears his child!*

*A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,  
He kills the sire and starves the son;  
The husband kills, and from her board  
Steals all the widow's toil has won;  
Plunders God's world of beauty; rends  
away  
All safety from the night, all comfort from  
the day.*

Then wisely is my soul elate  
That strife should vanish, battle cease;  
I'm poor and of a low estate,  
The mother of the Prince of Peace.  
Joy rises in me like a summer's morn;  
Peace, Peace on Earth! the Prince of Peace  
is born.

To be a good listener is to possess as great an art as to be a good talker.

## The Garden

Conducted by Mrs. Weston Jenkins.

VII.

In Eastern lands they talk in flowers,  
And they tell in a garland their loves and  
cares.  
Each blossom that blooms in their garden  
bowers;  
On its leaves a mystic language bears;  
Then gather a wreath from the garden  
bowers,  
And tell the wish of the heart in flowers.  
J. G. Percival.

WE must go to the East if we wish to know what true flower worship is like. A

writer on far away India says: "Very beautiful are the flower customs here. In Bombay I find the Parsees use the Victoria Gardens chiefly to walk in, 'to eat the air.' Their enjoyment of it was heartily animal. The Hindoo would stroll through them attracted not by form or color but by scent. He would pass from plant to plant, snatching at the flowers and crushing them between his thumb and finger as if he were taking snuff. Presently a Persian, in flowing robe of blue, and on his head his sheep-skin hat, would saunter in, and stand and meditate over every flower he saw, and always as if half in vision; and when the vision was fulfilled, and the ideal flower he was seeking found, he would spread his mat, sit before it, and fold his mat again and go home. And the next night, and night after night until that particular flower faded away, he would return to it, and bring his friends in ever increasing troops to it, and sit and play the guitar to it, and they would all pray together there, and after prayer still sit before it, sipping sherbet and talking late into the moonlight; and so again and again every evening till the flower died. Sometimes, by way of a grand *finale*, the whole company would suddenly rise before the flower and serenade it with an ode from Hafiz and depart."

A returned missionary from Japan (and by the way, he is a native Persian, and therefore a lover of roses) who visited Trenton this month, told me that the place where he lived in Japan was famous for its plum and cherry orchards, and that, in the season of bloom, people came hundreds of miles to see the lovely flowers, which they rank with roses as the choicest members of the floral kingdom.

The East is the home of the Palm tree and it is only in those zones near

the equator that it grows in all its luxuriance. The palm is typical of the South as the pine or fir is of the North. The most beautiful poem of which this idea furnishes the motive is by the German poet Heine, "A stalwart fir stands lonely." There are many varieties of the palm tree and among the best known to commerce are the date-palm, the cocoanut palm, the ivory palm (which furnishes the vegetable ivory) and oil palm. Their foliage is as varied as their use—all are graceful.

The historian Gibbon says that an Arab poet celebrated in verse no

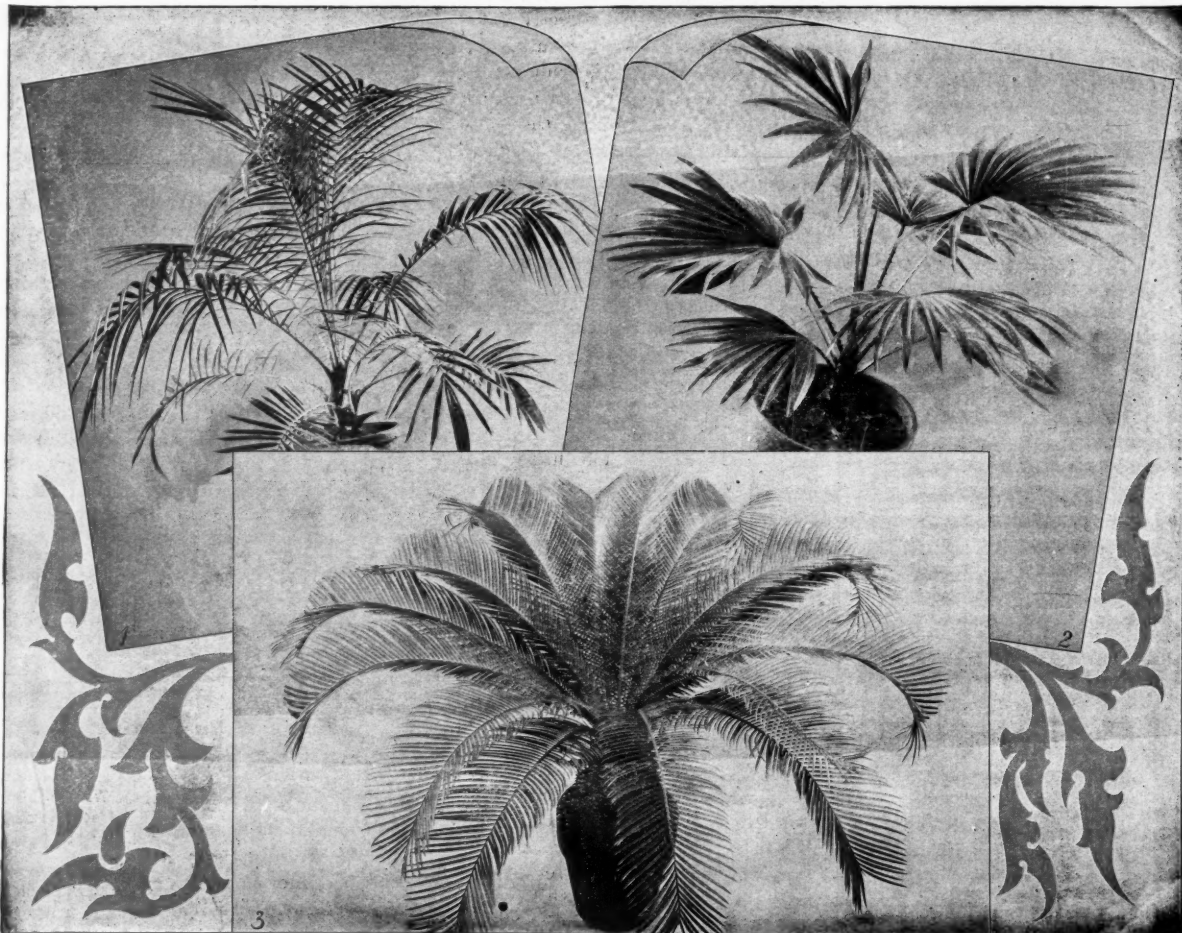
"I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air:  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care."

And again, in "Snow Bound" he says:—

O, looking from some heavenly hill,  
Or from the shade of saintly palm,  
Or silver reach of rivers calm  
Do those large eyes behold me still?

Only those who have seen the palm growing in its full size and height can understand what a fine tree it is. We have seen them out of doors in Southern California where they do almost as well as in their

commonplace into the beautiful. The Fan and Sago palms, and the Kentias are the most hardy. When buying them be sure to ask for those grown at a *low heat*, for those grown in hot air grow too rapidly to flourish in our changeable atmosphere. Sponge them once a week and keep in pots neither too large or small—the large ones sour, the small get root-bound—change of air occasionally and some sun are necessary for their fresh appearance. The rubber tree, (not of the palm family however) is one of the best of parlor plants, for it will stand neglect wonderfully.



1. KENTIA. 2. LATANA. 3. CYCAS REVOLUTA, OR SAGO PALM.

By kind permission of Pilcher & Manda.

less than three hundred and sixty uses to which this tree was put by his countrymen. To these inhabitants of the desert give a horse and a date palm, and they are contented.

The palm is also an emblem of victory. Two leaves crossed on the breast of one departed speak eloquently the lesson of the great apostle: "Death is swallowed up in victory." When our Lord entered Jerusalem in triumph, palm leaves were strewn in his path as the most fitting symbol. We all have our ideas of heaven—some think only of the splendor of the jewelled foundation, the golden streets and fine mansions, while to others the pastoral part appeals the most strongly. The poet Whittier was such a one and he makes the palm prominent in many of his beautiful poems. In "The Eternal Goodness" appears this verse:

A fine greenhouse is the only place here at the North to see them at their best and we not long ago visited such a one at Short Hills. This was so large that many had reached the height of twenty-five feet and some had fronds six feet long. It was here, too, that we saw for the first time the Australian tree ferns said to be a thousand years old.

Agnes ago, when the northern zones were warmer, these trees with others grew here, too, and then, buried beneath the soil in the slow processes of nature and the years, became the hard beds from which we now get our coal. In our illustration we give the three best known palms for house decoration. They are to the room or table what a fine picture or piece of china is, for they can transform the

How often we see plants growing beautifully in tin cans, in the homes of the poor, and wonder why our parlor pets do not do as well. The moisture arising from the cooking, steam from wash tubs, the heated air, make just the atmosphere that plants love. For the same reason the bath-room, if it has a southern exposure, makes a nice little greenhouse, so once in a while take your palms there and let them have a sponge bath—and bask in the sunlight and revel in the moisture.

Plants must be treated like human beings. I. V. J.

"Bring flowers to crown the cup and lute  
Bring flowers, the bride is near."  
Bring flowers to sooth the captives cell  
Bring flowers to strew the bier."

—Selected

In all places, then, and in all seasons,  
Flowers expand their light and soul-like  
wings,  
Teaching us by most persuasive reasons,  
How akin they are to human things.  
—Longfellow.

#### CATALOGUES RECEIVED.

*W. Atlee Burpee & Co., Philadelphia:* This firm has long been known as dealing in seeds exclusively, and their goods have always had the best reputation. This year they have taken the business of Messrs. Robert Scott & Son, growers of roses, in addition to their own.

The greatest novelty they offer in seeds is the "Cupid" Sweet Pea, which is said to grow only five inches high and to form a perfect mat of flowers and foliage from May until December. It should prove valuable for borders, and for covering the ground in a bed of lilies or gladiolus. For flowers or vegetable seeds and for choice roses Burpee's stock can be safely recommended.

*John Lewis Childs, Floral Park, New York:*—Mr. Childs deals in almost every kind of seeds and plants for the garden, field and orchard. He has probably the largest, finest and cheapest stock of gladioli, including the magnificent *Childs* section, in the United States, perhaps in the world. He offers a new and gorgeous Morning Glory from Japan, and attractive new varieties of many of our favorite flowers. Mr. Childs also publishes the *Mayflower*, a charming floral monthly, at the trifling price of 25 cents a year. Every one who is interested in plant life and in flowers should subscribe for it.

*Wm. H. Maule, 1711 Filbert St., Philadelphia:*—Mr. Maule does an immense business, in an honorable way, in flower, vegetable and farm seeds—also deals in plants and trees, though less largely. We notice he offers the new "Alexandra" lily for 35 cents. Messrs. Wallace, of Colchester, England, the famous lily growers, list it in their latest catalogue at 7s., 6d., @ 10s., 6d., or say \$1.80 @ \$2.55.

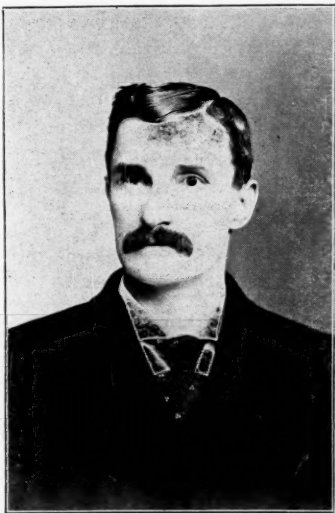
Now is a good time to plant seeds for house blooming. The plants will grow much better than if started in the autumn, for the reason that as they grow, the plants will have more sunshine as they need it. If planted in the Fall, the plant gets less sunshine the larger it grows.

Education is leading souls to what is the best, and making what is best out of them; and these two objects are always attainable together, and by the same means; the training which makes men happiest in themselves makes them most serviceable to others.  
—Ruskin.

#### J. T. TRICKETT.

**Instructor in Printing at the Kansas School for the Deaf and Editor of the "Kansas Star."**

J. T. Trickett, whose portrait we are enabled to present our readers this month, is a native of Missouri, but has



J. T. TRICKETT.

claimed Kansas as his home for twenty-five years. He is 39 years old and a semi-mute, having lost his hearing at the age of eighteen from a severe attack of brain fever. Most of his schooling, such as it was, he secured before becoming deaf. In 1874 he attended the Kansas school for about six months, but feared that if he remained he would quit talking, so left the school. Louis H. Jenkins was then superintendent and Lineaus Roberts his teacher, and all his recitations were verbal, although there was neither aural nor articulation departments in the school then. In 1876 he entered a printing office and has given the business his entire attention since. He had charge of the printing department, at the Kansas school in 1882-3, when Geo. L. Wyckoff was superintendent, and in April, 1894, he was again asked to fill the position. He was married in 1883 to Miss Miller of Mason county, Ill., a hearing lady who then only knew the manual alphabet imperfectly and who does not yet know any signs at all. Their conversation is verbal. They have two children, a girl 10 years old and a boy 8, both in the public schools, and who only learn the signs from the deaf children for fun.

Mr. Trickett makes no pretension to being an expert lip reader, and is not; had no instruction whatever in that respect, but as he speaks as well as anybody and can understand most of what others say, he depends almost entirely upon verbal conversation. During fourteen years while in the newspaper business for himself he found no trouble in getting along with all whom he met, and printed both daily and weekly papers.

#### Plea for Culinary Training.

When we bear in mind the disadvantages under which our deaf-mute girls labor in obtaining a theoretical and practical knowledge of cooking and house-keeping, we wonder greatly when one overcomes these and becomes quite accomplished in these most important of all arts. Those who have passed through an institution as pupils will understand what we mean. So will others who have had the meagre opportunities incident to some homes; again some who have trouble in grasping the phraseology of cook books. Here we would suggest instruction in the technicalities of the culinary art to the girls who are soon to graduate. One of the strange facts learned by intercourse with some who have graduated from school is their ignorance of the terms used in the kitchen and dining room. Even the names of ordinary dishes as well as food are unknown. Surely the blame for this rests largely with those who best understand their peculiar disadvantages but do not help smooth the way.

With good cooking and neat house-keeping home should be a heaven upon earth. It is the goal toward which a man hastens when his day's work is over. A tidy home and a bright cheerful wife save many a husband, brother, and son from the bar room,—a place too often sought by some to escape cross words and other disagreeable things they have to contend with at home. Housework can be very elevating and ennobling. It is, so to speak, the hub of the home. As our house-work is done so our home is made. It can be made a paradise or even a place to flee from.

It is possible for the effects of a nicely-cooked meal to be spoiled by being served upon an untidy table cloth without regard to order and beauty of arrangement. A table can be made to look very attractive with no outlay save that of time and labor. When the taste in arrangement of dishes and other essential things is wanting it can be cultivated. We cannot all of us possess handsome china, fine cut glass, or elaborate silver, but we can all have what is of far more importance, that is, clean, brightly-polished dishes, cutlery, and spotless napery.

What we need is white kitchens, clean, light, airy spotless kitchens. Order is heaven's first law. The most important law of the kitchen is order. Each article ought to have its place so as to be easily found when needed. Time is thus saved and the work more quickly done.

In regard to literature we wish to speak here of a few good helpful household magazines, any of which will more than pay for itself in the suggestions that are so helpful about house-keeping. I have found the following most useful and profitable: Good Housekeeping, Table Talk, the

Household, and the New England Kitchen. In each one of them the housewife learns how to do the different parts of housework in the easiest way, and all have most excellent recipes for all dishes, especially suitable for beginners in housekeeping, and the older ones can find much that is interesting as well as instructive. There is nothing more desirable than a good household magazine, and we wish that all homes were well supplied with such literature. We often wonder why they are not. The subscription price of each magazine is so low that all can easily take them.—*Mrs. M. E. Mann, in "Woman's Edition" of the National Exponent.*

#### Leading Events of the American Revolution.

A very complete and attractive 32-page booklet, with this title, and containing over 500 brief descriptions of events, with dates—all for ten cents—has been issued by *The Spirit of '76*, of No. 14 Lafayette Place, New York city. The book contains two separate arrangements of each date: one being alphabetical and the other by days. It is extremely convenient for reference, and easily worth several times the trifling price. It may be added, that *The Spirit of '76* is a ten cent illustrated patriotic and historical magazine, now in its second year.

—Paris deaf mutes may hereafter be employed as clerks in the various departments of the administration.—*Phila. Record.*

—Baron Alderson once released from his duties a juror who stated that he was deaf with one ear. "You may leave the box," said his lordship, "since it is necessary you should hear both sides."—*Phila. Record.*

There are three deaf postmasters in this country, Charles Fosdick of Glen Ethel, Fla., J. W. Overstreet of Little Hickman, Ky., and Charles Reed of Menasha, Wis. The first two named are graduates of the Kentucky School.—*Maryland Bulletin.*

A deaf-mute passed through Berlin recently on his bicycle, intending to make a tour around the world. His name is Lutherland Boizarrrds, and he is a native of Amboyina in the Dutch East Indies. He travels without a penny in his pocket. Two gentlemen in Amsterdam doubted his being able, on account of his infirmity, to undertake such a tour and have made a wager of £150 that he will not succeed. Boizarrras has accepted the challenge and intends earning the money for his journey by lectures to deaf-mutes.—*Exponent.*

In the vicinity of Rothesay on the Clyde, there resides a lady, totally blind and deaf and dumb, who, in point of intelligence, scholarship and skill in various ways, far exceeds many who have all their faculties. Having been educated partly in Paris, she is a good French scholar, and her general composition is really wonderful. She has a shorthand system of her own, and when writing letters, &c., she uses a peculiar machine somewhat of the nature of a typewriter. She is very fond of knitting and fancy work and some of the lace she makes is surprisingly lovely. She is quite at home at the piano-forte, and actually writes her own music. She is now about forty years of age, and lost her sight when she was about six years old.—*British Deaf-Mute.*

# The Silent Worker.

PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH

AT THE

## New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes.

WESTON JENKINS, M.A. Editor:  
GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

### SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

One scholastic year..... 50 cents.  
To parents or guardians..... 25 cents.

Advertising rates made known on application.

*All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.*

*The Silent Worker is not responsible for opinions expressed by correspondents on educational or other subjects.*

Address all communications to

THE SILENT WORKER.

TRENTON, N. J.

Entered at the Post Office, in Trenton, as second-class matter.

JANUARY, 1896.

We desire to call the attention of our readers, and those who are not subscribers in particular, to our liberal subscription offer on one of our advertising pages. It is an excellent opportunity to get high-class illustrated magazines for the deaf cheap.

THE *British Deaf-Mute* sends us a handsomely bound copy of its last volume, for which thanks are due. Our British contemporaries show a disposition to bombard us—with friendly words and pleasant courtesies.

We are sorry to have to record the death of Mr. Paul Binner, Principal of the Milwaukee Day-school. Mr. Binner was obliged to retire from work last summer on account of illness, and a fatal ending of his disease has been feared ever since. Mr. Binner was a very hard-working, conscientious man, and his work was highly appreciated by those connected with the Milwaukee school and with the "Phonological Institute." Miss Florence Brown of this school and Miss Edith Brown who taught here for two years, were trained by him.

THE *Exponent* misses the point of our remark about the popularity of the oral system among deaf parents of deaf children. We wanted to emphasize the fact that it is the same persons who object to oral teaching in general, who want it for their own children. Of course, parents who know nothing of the education of the deaf might be expected to overrate the value of artificial speech, but we should hardly expect those who decry a particular method of teaching for other children to insist on its being used with their own.

It has become very much the fashion for newspapers to get out special "Woman's editions," in which all the articles are written by women. One of the best papers of this kind that we have seen is the one gotten out in January by the Chicago "Exponent." As might be expected from the fact that all the writers were not only women but deaf women, most of the papers dealt with subjects relating to the deaf, and as a rule they were well expressed and full of good sense. Mrs. Weston Jenkins contributed a paper with the title "Broaden your horizon," which has been quite widely copied by the institution papers.

We take the first opportunity to correct the statement made in our last, that the Chicago Day-schools had been put under the pure oral system. We were misled by the positive statement to that effect of a Chicago paper. Unfortunately we did not preserve the paper and so cannot give the name or date of it. The fact is, as we are informed on the best authority, that one of the schools has been made a pure oral school, for the purpose of experiment, as stated in the resolution of the School Board ordering the change. It will be seen that the schools, as a whole, are in the strictest sense "combined" as regards the system of instruction, since the manual method is still used in all the schools except one.

THE "Annals" makes its first appearance as a bi-monthly with the January number. The first article, by Miss Fletcher, of Northampton, on Language-teaching, will make every one who reads it, for the time, at least, a "concentrationist" in the feeling that the "ethical group" of studies (history, literature, etc.)—taught as Miss Fletcher teaches them—are the gist of all noble training of the mind and heart.

President Gallaudet sketches the new organization of the Convention and urges all teachers of the deaf to become members—a recommendation in which we join.

Dr. Fay gives the introductory chapter of his work on "Marriages of the Deaf in America." Dr. Fay's ability, and the wide researches he has made, ensure the great value of these statistics. The usual annual tables of the institutions are given.

DEAF children, from lack of imagination, often do and say ridiculous things. A pupil in one of our schools, reading of a steamboat explosion by which many persons were lost, remarked: "What a lot of coffin!"

But some hearing people seem to have no more sense of the ridiculous than that. For instance, a society of ladies in New York, called, we believe, the Continental D— no, the

Colonial Dames, to which candidates are eligible by descent from eminent Americans who lived before the Revolution, recently rejected the application of a descendent of Benjamin Franklin, on the ground that he was "not a worthy ancestor."

The grounds of his unworthiness are understood to be his having been a "base mechanic," and his having committed at least one grave moral fault. What a pity that there was not such a society "down in Judee" two thousand years ago. Their censorship would have saved Simon the Pharisee from the "bad form" of inviting to dinner the son of a mere carpenter, who claimed as a "worthy ancestor" King David, by the side of whose offences Ben. Franklin's peccadilloes were trifling indeed.

We print elsewhere an account of the sad death, by accidental shooting, of Mr. Saunders, a deaf teacher in the Mississippi Institution. The papers of the different schools have drawn various morals from the unfortunate occurrence. It seems to us rather idle to reason that deaf-mutes should not go out to call, or that people should not shoot at suspected burglars who fail to answer when hailed, or that Christmas mumming leads to mischief. In this case it seems that, really, "no one was to blame." But the habit of carrying deadly weapons, which is so prevalent in the South, is a custom which indicates that either the man who goes armed or the community in which he lives is not fully civilized. Barbarians habitually carry deadly weapons to "defend their honor" and to protect their persons, and property. In a really civilized community the government provides fully for the safety of the citizen, and an enlightened man in such a community no more thinks of carrying a knife or a pistol than of going around with a portable gallows and a rope on his back. But if the government fails to defend the citizen he may be forced to defend himself, as if he were an Afghan, instead of an American. Such, we believe, is the case in some parts of the South and West. In many of our large cities, too, and with less excuse, the local government does not deserve and does not command the confidence and respect of the people. Our energetic youth who want to fight for the national honor can find a better field in striving to improve this state of things than in a foreign war.

THE last word of the late Professor Boyesen to the reading public was an article in the "Forum," on what he forcibly called "The Curse of Jocular-ity." He took the ground that we in America, and particularly the younger people, are given to looking for the funny side of every thing; that we are

losing all earnestness, all reverence, all sense of the beautiful, and are in danger of degenerating into a nation of triflers and buffoons.

It must be owned that he could bring some very telling illustrations to enforce his charges. For instance, there was a lack of reverence in the jest which he quotes, at the expense of a divine with a full sense of his own importance, whose living to a great age was accounted for by the suggestion that he was "waiting for a vacancy in the Trinity."

We once heard the remark made of a military gentleman that he "didn't seem to be sure whether God Almighty made Col. Dashaway, or whether"—in short, it was the other way. It must be owned, we fear, that the average American is disposed to make a joke on anything in the heavens above or in the earth beneath. It is, however, rather hasty to conclude from this that the joker is incapable of deep feeling or of serious purpose. No author ever wrote with more serious purpose than Lowell, yet the "Biglow Papers" are full of what one might consider irreverent jests. Good conservative people were shocked at such expressions as:

"You'll have to git up early,  
If you want to take in God,"

and at his picture of "the 'postles rigged up in their swaller-tail coats," or at his remark that "they didn't know everythin' down in Judee."

Even Lincoln, who certainly was not lacking in earnestness, was a most inveterate joker.

Most of our "irreverence" is directed at objects which we, rightly or wrongly, consider to have no rightful claim on our respect. The social atmosphere is clouded with dim phantoms before which we are called on to abase ourselves, because people have done so always. One who turns the search-light of ridicule on these shapes and dissolves them into thin air, renders a public service. Any institution or person truly worthy of reverence is proof against this test. Did you ever hear a good joke at the expense of Florence Nightingale? Or of the defence of Thermopylae?

The force of sarcastic wit can no farther go than Voltaire carried it. What is the net result? Of all that he ridiculed, the base and cruel and stupid things,—the Inquisition, the persecution of people for religious opinion, the oppression of the poor by the nobles—all this looks absurd to us, and much of it has passed, never to return—thanks, in large measure, to the reckless scoffer at established dignities. But so far as his wit aimed at the essentials of religion, it has proved harmless.

The American habit of jesting at everything is, in part, due to this feeling of contempt for mere conventionalities, and is probably also, in many cases, adopted as a disguise. The

average American is proverbially talkative, but he is also shrewd. This same "jocularity" is no doubt often used as an effective cloak for one's real opinions. Still it is well for all ambitious wits to remember the wise saying of our brightest American humorist: "Wit is well enough as a diversion; but if you are going to be funny all the time you might better have been a monkey, and so have stood at the head of your profession."

THE shameful indifference which so many parents show to the needs of their deaf children, in neglecting to send them to schools adapted to their special needs has often been remarked upon.

It has been suggested many times that a compulsory law ought to be enacted to secure to deaf children the benefits of education, but the fact that in placing a child in school it must in most cases be taken away from its home has generally been taken as a conclusive objection to such a statute.

In North Dakota, however, the compulsory school attendance law of the state has been extended to cover the case of deaf children. We give below a transcript of that portion of the law which relates to the deaf.

Our newer states are in general more ready to try experiments than the older communities are, and we of the East may often learn by watching how a new measure works in a Western commonwealth.

We shall be glad to learn how this provision works in North Dakota after it has had a fair trial.

D. F. BANGS, Superintendent,  
DEVILS LAKE, N. DAK.

**LAWS OF 1891. CHAPTER 56. AMENDING THE GENERAL SCHOOL LAWS OF 1890. SECTION 28. AMENDING.**—Every parent, guardian or other person, having control of any deaf child or youth between seven and twenty years of age, shall be required to send such child or youth to the School for the Deaf at the city of Devils Lake, for at least eight months in each school year; *Provided*, That such parent, guardian or other person, having control of any child shall be excused from such duty by the school board of the district or the board of education of the city, town or village, wherever it shall be shown to their satisfaction, subject to appeal as provided by law, that one of the following reasons therefor exists, to-wit:

First. That such child is taught for the same length of time in a private school, approved by such board; but no school shall be approved by such board unless the branches usually taught in the public schools are taught in such school.

Second. That such child has already acquired the branches of learning taught in the public schools.

Third. That such child is in a physical and mental condition (as declared by a competent physician, if required by the board) as to render such attendance inexpedient or impracticable.

**LAWS OF 1890. CHAPTER 62. ART. XV. SEC. 141. PENALTY.**—Any such parent, guardian or other person failing to comply with the requirements of the foregoing section, shall, upon conviction thereof, be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and shall be fined in a sum not less than five (\$5) nor

more than twenty (20) dollars for the first offense, nor less than ten (10) dollars nor more than fifty (50) dollars for the second and every subsequent offense with costs in each case.

## LOCAL NEWS.

—John Winter writes that he is not coming back to school. It is a pity as he has been in school two years. He does not know enough to get along in the world.

—The wood-working department has had some new drawing-tables added to its equipment. The pupils are required to draw everything they are to make before they touch a tool to it.

—J. W. Bremmerman, father of one of our pupils, and Mr. Albert Sturden, both of Hoboken, called at the school on Inauguration day. They found Willie happy and doing well.

—Mr. Jenkins received a pleasant letter from Rev. Thomas Arnold in England. He is now eighty years old, but still active. On the envelope he wrote in Greek, "Peace on earth, good will to all men."

—Miss Ruth Lord Jenkins received in December an invitation to a reception given in Constantinople, Turkey. When in Europe she became acquainted with a young lady who has since married a Greek gentleman having a residence there.

—Miss Victoria Hunter, who secured employment in the Bindery Dep't of John L. Murphy's Publishing House sometime ago, was obliged to give up her place on account of the introduction of machines. We are sorry, for she was a good acquisition to Trenton's silent society.

—Charles Casella gave an exhibition with the magic lantern at the Christmas celebration of the Broad Street Sunday School on Thursday, December 26th. The audience were much pleased with the views. Mr. Jenkins went with him to explain the pictures.

—Our pupils have enjoyed to the full the fine skating of the last few weeks. Little Wesley Breece is one of the best skaters, although he is the smallest boy in school. Some of the girls are also good skaters. Miss Bilbee and Miss Conger often go skating, and are expert skaters.

—A type-writing machine (Caligraph No. 4) has been placed in the Principal's office. It will be used not only for general purposes, but for preparing lessons, etc., for school use, and for instructing some pupils in type-writing. It is capable of taking ten or twelve copies at once.

—Trenton had a number of deaf visitors during the Inauguration of Gov. Griggs on the 21st. Among them were Robert E. Maynard, of Yonkers, N. Y., Robert R. Robertson, Joseph Tafe, and A. J. McGahan, of

Philadelphia. Mr. Maynard spent a few days as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Porter.

—A beautiful wedding took place in Trenton on the seventh of this month. Miss Annie Donnelly, daughter of Quarter Master General Donnelly, was married in Trinity Church to Mr. Henry R. Kamm, of Denver. Miss Bunting was one of the four bridesmaids. Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins attended the reception at the residence on East State Street.

—Prof. Thos F. Fox, of New York, and Mr. Zeigler, of Mt. Airy, Pa., met in Trenton on the 18th inst., to discuss matters pertaining to the forthcoming National Convention of Deaf-Mutes next summer. Mr. Fox, having other engagements, could not visit the school, so returned to New York immediately after transacting the business. Mr. Zeigler, however, remained in town and visited the school and in the evening was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Porter, who enjoyed his visit very much.

—Little Minnie Bogert, who came to school last September, went home for the Christmas holidays. She went with the rest of the family to the Sunday school Christmas celebration. When she saw her little brother go up on the platform to speak, she insisted that she must speak too. The Superintendent humored her and let her come up. Much to his surprise and to that of all who had known the little deaf and dumb girl, she spoke, quite clearly, "I love Papa, I love Mamma. I love you."

—The daily papers report that Dr. G. H. Quackenbos was arrested in Norfolk, Va., on suspicion of being implicated in a robbery there. He was on his way to Richmond, Va., with his wife and children to spend the Christmas vacation and went ashore at Norfolk to buy some needles and thread for his wife. He was roughly handled by the police, but after some difficulty was released after paying a fine for carrying a pistol. Dr. Quackenbos, on his return to New York where he is teaching in the Lexington Avenue School for Deaf-Mutes, immediately engaged a lawyer who will commence proceedings for false arrest. Dr. Quackenbos was a teacher in this school for two years.

—Governor John W. Griggs was inaugurated on Tuesday, the 21st. of this month. The crowd was larger than was ever known before on a similar occasion. The parade, under the management of the marshal, Col. Thomas H. Chambers, was large and imposing, although no military organizations took part in it. Gov. Griggs's address is said to have been the shortest on record. However that may be, he managed to say very plainly what he had to say. The public receptions in the afternoon and evening were crowded. The whole

affair went off very well, and reflects credit on those who managed it.

—We can illustrate very well how the industrial work helps that of the class room by something that happened in the wood-working department the other day. A boy was making a drawing on a reduced scale of something he was about to make, and while he could do the drafting well enough, and could make the article itself without trouble, he did not understand how to deal with the fractions which he met. Mr. Abbott had him copy the figures and show them to his arithmetic teacher, who soon had him able to do such work easily. The best about learning anything in this way is that the pupil does not forget it, as he is so apt to do if it is learned merely as a class exercise. All our industrial class rooms are fitted with black-boards, on which the instructor writes directions, names of tools, etc. We find much benefit to the pupil's language from this sort of practice.

In a write-up of his travels President Gillett has the following to say concerning the shops of the New Jersey school:

Changes have been made in the wood-working department, which is now conducted not so much, as formerly, to produce the finished work of a cabinet shop with the purpose of sale and profit, as of teaching young men the proper manner of using tools, making joints *et cetera*, that when the time comes for them to enter shops they may be well versed in the practice and notion of work usually carried on in such establishments. The foreman of this department is a graduate of a normal training school while the room devoted to the trade is fitted up with the "benches" and outfit usually found in well managed manual schools.

Not until our shops are regarded actually as school-rooms will they attain their highest efficiency. The old idea that every piece of work turned out must have marketable value or satisfy a certain demand aside from the requirements of instruction still holds in some quarters, but it is gradually giving way to a higher purpose. If every principle employed in carpentry, cabinet-making, printing and other trades is to be kept in abeyance until it is put into practice by some commercial demand upon the shop, many a principle will be left untaught. A wise conduct of our shops demands that there be much practice work that has no other utility than a thorough teaching of different phases of a trade. Especially does this apply to carpentry and printing, where the immediate demand for work covers a rather limited range.—*Lone Star Weekly*.

The Kentucky Deaf-Mute, has fallen into line with modern ideas, and changed its name to that of the *Kentucky Standard*. It retains the same form and general make-up as formerly.

## THE SCHOOL-ROOM

Conducted by R. B. Lloyd, A.B.

Do you use newspapers in the school-room? The short items of news are very interesting to the pupils and can be made the means of teaching many new words and phrases which will be of more practical use than the words and phrases in books. It is a good plan to write a few of these items on the blackboard often, help the pupils to understand them and then have them copy the items in a special book labelled *Items*. Insist on their being copied neatly and correctly. These items may be afterwards used for reproduction, the teacher spelling them to the class and the pupils reproducing them in writing. Of course the pupils do not have their books before them this time.

R. B. L.

### January Events.

Jan. 1, 1730, Edmund Burke was born in Dublin, Ireland.

Jan. 3, 1777, the battle of Princeton, N. J., was fought.

Jan. 5, 1779, Stephen Decatur was born.

Jan. 7, 1715, Archbishop Fenelon died.

Jan. 8, 1815, the battle of New Orleans, La., was fought.

Jan. 11, 1757, Alexander Hamilton was born.

Jan. 12, 1737, John Hancock was born.

Jan. 17, 1706, Benjamin Franklin was born.

Jan. 19, 1807, Gen. R. E. Lee was born.

Jan. 21, 1793, Gen. Fremont was born.

Jan. 22, 1561, Francis Bacon was born.

Jan. 25, 1759, Robert Burns was born.

Jan. 27, 1756, Mozart was born.

Jan. 29, 1737, Thomas Paine was born.

Jan. 30, 1649, Charles I. of England was beheaded.

### Reproduced Account.

Francis Bacon was a famous English philosopher. He was born in London on January 22, 1561. When he was a child, he was very bright. Queen Elizabeth loved to talk with him and she admired his answers and promised him that she would give him a high office when he grew to be a man. When he grew to be a man, Queen Elizabeth did not admire him and she did not give him the high office she promised.

He went to Cambridge University when he was about fourteen years old. When he was graduated, he became a lawyer and went to Parliament and there he became a great orator and the people loved to hear him. He did not get any high office until James I. came to the throne of

England. Then he became Lord Chancellor. Of course he was a very learned man but he was not a good man and he lost his office by taking bribes. He was tried by Parliament and was discharged from the place he held. Then he went home and there he wrote a great deal. He wrote mostly in Latin and Greek. Alexander Pope, an English poet called him "The wisest, brightest and meanest of mankind." He died at the age of sixty years.

### Question Papers in Geography.

#### I.

Locate

1. The Golden Gate.
2. The Caribbean Sea.
3. The Dardanelles.
4. The Strait of Gibraltar.
5. The Isthmus of Suez.
6. The Hebrides.
7. The Bahamas.
8. The Azores.

#### II.

What language is spoken in

1. France?
2. Germany?
3. Italy?
4. Holland?
5. Russia?
6. Turkey?
7. The United States?

#### III.

What are the boundaries between

1. The United States and Mexico?
2. The United States and British America?
3. France and Spain?
4. France and Germany?
5. Russia and Germany?
6. New Jersey and Pennsylvania?

#### IV.

1. Where do the Armenians live?
2. Why do the Turks persecute them?
3. Are they subjects of the Sultan of Turkey?
4. Why does not the sultan stop the persecution?
5. Why do not the Christian powers interfere?
6. Which nations are called the "great powers?" Why?

#### V.

1. Where is Venezuela?
2. What is the subject of the dispute between Great Britain and Venezuela?
3. Why does the government of the United States interfere?
4. What language is spoken in Venezuela?
5. What kind of people are the Venezuelans?
6. What is their religion?
7. Name some products of Venezuela?

### Question Papers in Physics.

#### I.

Give an example of

1. Uniform motion.
2. Accelerated motion.
3. A lever of the first class.
4. A lever of the second class.
5. A lever of the third class.

#### II.

What kind of lever is each of the following articles and why?

1. An oar?
2. A pump-handle?
3. A claw-hammer used in pulling a nail?
4. A shovel?
5. The forearm in lifting?
6. A pair of scissors?

#### III.

1. A stone dropped into a well struck the water in two seconds and a half: how deep is the well?
2. Name the mechanical powers.
3. Why does a stone fall faster than a piece of paper?
4. Why is a load of hay more easily upset than a load of stone?
5. Why are high chimneys larger at the base than at the top?

### Question Papers in U. S. History.

#### I.

1. What country did Columbus think he had reached when he came to America?
2. How long was he on the voyage?
3. How long is the voyage now made in a steamer?
4. Give the names of four or five early explorers.
5. Why did the Puritans come to America?
6. What sort of people were they?

#### II.

1. What was the cause of the Revolutionary War and what was its result?
2. What was the cause of the Civil War and what was its result?
3. How long did each of these wars last?
4. Name some officers who served in these wars.
5. What was Arnold's crime?
6. What was the Emancipation Proclamation?

Fill the following blanks from the map:

Trenton is east of \_\_\_\_.  
New York city is south of \_\_\_\_.  
Detroit is north of \_\_\_\_.  
St. Louis is west of \_\_\_\_.  
\_\_\_\_ is in the north-eastern part of \_\_\_\_.  
\_\_\_\_ is in the central part of \_\_\_\_.  
Buffalo is in the \_\_\_\_ part of New York.  
New Orleans is in the \_\_\_\_ part of Louisiana.

#### I.

Change the following sentences, using *height* for *high*, *length* for *long*, *width* for *wide*, *depth* for *deep*; *strength* for *strong*, *weight* for *weigh*:

1. The steeple is 220 feet high.
2. The hall is 60 feet long.
3. The ocean is five miles deep in some places.
4. The table was so wide it would not go through the door.
5. An elephant is strong.
6. He weighs 130 pounds.

#### II.

Combine each of the following groups in one sentence:

1. William Ashton lived in Jersey city. He broke through the ice. He was skating.
2. John Brady was playing football. He fell and the boys fell on him. His leg was broken.
3. Annie found a key in the hall.

She gave it to Mr. Jenkins. He said it was his.

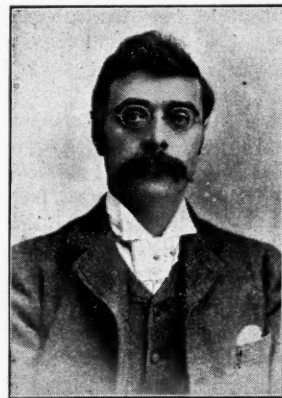
4. James Dixon was eight years old. He played with fire. He was badly burned. He will die.

### P. DODDS.

### Instructor to the Deaf Under the London School Board.

(From the British Deaf-Mute.)

The subject of our illustration this month, Mr. P. Dodds, is well known to teachers of the deaf and dumb profession, and also to our readers, by the *nom-de-plume* of "Pedro." He be-



P. DODDS.

gan his career as a teacher of the deaf over fifteen years ago, when "youth and hope erstwhile were boon companions of the way." Mr. Dodds accepted his first appointment at the Old Trafford Schools, Manchester, succeeding the late Mr. Goodwin, of the Bolton Adult Deaf and Dumb Society, under Mr. Andrew Patterson, the late and widely respected head master.

During his residence in that Institution he saw it pass through many changes both in system of education, structure, and *personnel*: and when he left he had but one compeer on the staff who remained to witness a similar radical transformation. Mr. Dodds occupied the position of senior resident assistant for a great part of his time at the Manchester Schools, and testimonials speak of him in the highest terms of praise. Devoted to his duty and the welfare of the pupils, he took great interest in everything, both in and out of school, that tended to further the advantage of the Institution and the cause. He was one of the three founders of the Deaf and Dumb Athletic Club and Sports, which have been for so many years a popular and energising feature of the schools. He also inaugurated and established a pupils' library there.

Mr. Dodds left the Manchester Institution in 1886 with many tokens and expressions of regret and friendship, and with excellent testimonials as a teacher, for a more remunerative and promising post in the Margate Branch of the Old Kent Road, Asylum, London, as senior resident teacher. He remained at Margate two years, made many friends and won good opinions. It was here that he was initiated into the secrets and

mysteries of Freemasonry, an action which tended to stamp more deeply on his mind the already existing characteristics he possessed towards befriending and assisting the neglected and deserving, which class the deaf and dumb so largely represent.

For the last seven years Mr. Dodds has been engaged under the London Board, where his Institution experience has benefited by that of day schools. He has broad views on the systems of deaf-mute education, for, being an expert in both manual and oral teaching, he is a staunch believer in the dual method of instruction.

Mr. Dodds was one of the first students who presented himself for examination on the founding of the College of Teachers, and passed high on the list, and all his profession qualifications are thoroughly up-to-date. He is a keen student of science, as well, having rung the changes on the South Kensington curriculum several times, and even now does not let a year pass by without adding a new dart to his well-packed quiver. He is also versatile with his pen, having contributed to deaf-mute literature through the *British Deaf-Mute*, the *American Annals*, and the *Quarterly Review* matters of professional interest. As a pastime he has contributed largely to the outside press, to wit, *Science Gossip*, *Nature*, *Land and Water*, and many local papers, subjects of scientific and natural history importance, chiefly flora, fauna, fishing, and bird life.

I was just about to finish this little sketch with my signature, when my post bag arrived, and the very first letter I opened was from a friend in Scotland, who, strangely enough, mentions Mr. P. Dodds, referring to him thus, "He's a brave fellow and has worked hard for the profession." This is a curious coincidence and a true and fitting conclusion to this brief article on "One of our Teachers."

LUCIAN V. RALPH.

#### SANTA CLAUS SHOT DEAD.

##### Tragic End of a Christmas Party In Mississippi—Noted Instructor Killed by his Nephew.

Prof. L. W. Saunders, a deaf mute, and for many years a teacher in the State Deaf and Dumb School, at Jackson, Miss., was shot and killed, Wednesday night, by his nephew, C. B. Young. Prof. Saunders was to act as Santa Claus at the Christmas tree gotten up for the amusement of the deaf and dumb children in the institute, and called at Mr. Young's house in his Santa Claus garb.

He knocked at the door and Mr. Young, the only occupant, demanded, "Who is there?" a time or two, and receiving no reply, fired through the door at what he supposed was a burglar. Prof. Saunders dropped inside the hall and died in two minutes. The ball passed through his body. The professor was a brother of Capt.

R. L. Saunders, World's Fair Commissioner from the State of Mississippi; and was highly respected. Mr. Young is crazed with grief.—*The Lynn Daily Item*, Dec. 26, '95.

#### A. A. STEWART.

We give this month the picture of A. A. Stewart, who retired from the superintendency of the Kansas school on December 1st. As is generally known, no school in the country has been more before the public, through the newspapers and otherwise, than has the Kansas school during the past three years. Those in position to know, however, are staunch supporters of Mr. Stewart and his man-

ambition is to aid and advance the interests of the deaf.

#### An Unknown Heroine.

In a little country village in Indiana there dwells in poverty one who is probably the most remarkable deaf woman of the age, whose life history if given in detail would read like a romance.

Although almost unknown to the present generation at the institution, she was nevertheless the most important personage in its history and it is to her eloquence, more than to any other factor, that the institution owes its having been incorporated as a state institution in 1845. Her address to

the day, and now, at the age of three score years and ten, her mental powers, though not in all their pristine brightness, are yet remarkable in one of her age, and she still wields a ready and versatile pen.

Of Scotch nativity, she claims descent directly from the sturdy Scotch Covenanters, from whom she inherits a firmness and independence of character to be expected from one from such a stock. On the paternal side she can boast of ancestors of royal blood, and the Mac Donalds, the clan to which her family belonged, are immortalized in song and story.

On the maternal side she traces her ancestral tree back to the early martyrs, her great grandmother having been burned at the stake. As might be expected in one of her descent she is a staunch Calvinist and extremely orthodox in her views.

Her early years were spent almost under the shadow of the Tower of London, and the neighboring Tower hill, with its formidable fortifications, was the favorite play-ground of herself and youthful companions, their favorite hiding places being the muzzles of its big guns. She tells this amusing story about herself:

On one occasion having crawled into the muzzle of one of the guns unknown to the guard, she fell asleep and was awakened by the ineffectual efforts of the guard to load his piece. Her frightened scream caused a suspension of operations long enough to allow her to scramble out and scamp out of reach of the bayonet of the exasperated guard.

She is full of reminiscences of the royal personages of those times, and well versed in the superstitious lore of her native country, and in her youthful days laid claims to the gift of second sight, a gift which was believed to be peculiar to the Scotch highlanders. She is a most entertaining conversationalist, and one can learn more of the history of the old country in an hour's conversation with her than could be gained by months of study.

When she was twelve years of age her family immigrated to this country and one year later she lost her hearing and was sent to the Indiana Institution. Not long after, her father lost his fortune, and soon after, dying, left his family to all the hardships of a penniless existence in a strange land. As misfortune never comes singly, her oldest sister about this time lost her sight, and since that time her life has been devoted to the care of this sister, a slow, martyrdom on the altar of duty.

By a strange perversity of fate, this woman, fitted by birth and natural ability to take her place among the noble of the land, is compelled to drag out an obscure existence in poverty and want, all the grand possibilities of her life sacrificed to this mistaken notion of duty.

I doubt not that when the long roll of martyrs is finally called the name of Mary St. Cloud Belches will appear beside that of her martyred ancestress, as that of one as truly a martyr to duty as the former was to a principle.—*Sadie J. Corwin, in the Exponent*.



A. A. STEWART.

agement, and claim that no new man ever won a more enviable reputation among the profession. He was in charge of the school exactly twenty-three months, and left every thing in good shape for his worthy successor. Mr. Stewart was not ashamed to admit that he knew nothing of the needs nor mode of educating the deaf when placed at the head of the school, but expressed a determination to learn, and succeeded remarkably well. He goes back to the newspaper business, and is now editing the *Republic* at Manhattan, Kansas. He says, however, that his inclinations are rather in the line of education, and should an opening occur, he may again be numbered among those whose greatest

the legislature in behalf of the institution, when more than three-fourths of the members were bitterly hostile to the notion of the state's assuming the burden, was considered a masterpiece of persuasive eloquence and so enlightened that august body as to the possibilities in the education of the deaf that it overcame all opposition. It is to this fact that she owes the honor of having her name mentioned in the constitution of the state, a distinction to which no other woman in the state can lay claim.

Possessed of intellectual powers of a high order, and a writer of more than ordinary ability, her contributions to the literature of the times appeared in some of the leading publications of

# The Deaf of New York

What They Do, Think and Talk About.

THE deaf of New York—What they do, what they think and talk about, as they see and are seen, is a subject that affords a wide and interesting column month after month to a wide-awake lover of human nature—the portraying of life, in a brief and simple manner of the deaf-mute in the metropolis, who is acknowledged as the leader for others in cities to follow, just the same as the hearing people look upon New York society for its etiquette and fashions.

In these times of modern improvement the New York deaf-mute has as much to say as his hearing brother. Whether national, political, social, the arts, etc., you will find him well posted, but it is the local achievement that must draw on his powers. They are not slow, not by any means. There are a good many who like to climb mountains and explore cliffs, but very few there are who like to climb stairs. New York has its Elevated Roads, and to reach the station the objection is the climbing of stairs—one has to laboriously walk down the same number to reach the street. The Underground System of electric cars voted for by the Rapid Transit Commission will have its stairs to go up and down. The improvement of the Brooklyn Bridge has many more stairs added to climb.

They further notice the increased traffic of the cable, surface and trolley cars, the amazing increase of apartment houses where families live on a level, and that people avoid the temporary platforms on sidewalks where new houses are building.

This amounts to a noticeable and beneficial change in metropolitan life and an improvement of the deaf New Yorker. Not long ago it was quite different. To be sociable then meant to talk of their wives, husbands, children, schools and friends. Today they have risen above the ordinary level, those little trifles of petty gossip giving way to the more enlarged topics of local and national interest, the arts, sciences and literature, and all this betokens progress of the deaf of New York in many ways.

Why is it that our papers for the deaf have at this late date set up the cry, that Laurent Clerc does and always did deserve to be honored by the deaf of America? Have they found that Gallaudet is "the only one" honored? It is unnecessary to say the associating of the name Clerc with Gallaudet has always been received with applause at our celebrations, and all due respect and remembrance

have been shown our Frenchmen, here and across the Atlantic. The son of Laurent Clerc, Rev. Mr. Clerc, the reverend and venerable gentleman of Philadelphia, I am sure, is satisfied with the honor shown his father at these gatherings, when he says that had Gallaudet not sailed for Europe to learn the methods in vogue there he might never have met his father. The originality is with Gallaudet and he therefore is the greatest and first man to the deaf of America. It is the deaf who do honor to these occasions and I see something good in the idea that they place side by side with Gallaudet the first renowned deaf-mute, Laurent Clerc, and honor them with equity at these annual celebrations.

In carrying out this it is but following my plea for the deaf "to honor those deaf-mutes noted for originality of thought and action." And certainly Clerc deserves a warm spot in the hearts of the deaf of America, just as he is honored by the deaf of France.

Christmas was fittingly celebrated by the New Jersey Society of Deaf-mutes, located in Newark. The enterprise shown by this society, if it keeps up the pace it has already set, bids fair to make it one of the most popular and influential societies of the deaf hereabouts. Their Christmas tree party was very well attended by those of the deaf residing within a radius of thirty miles. A profitable and amusing evening was provided, the presents were useful and tastefully selected and not one of the odd 135 who attended was disappointed, and Santa Claus was very liberal considering the low admission price. It is well that the Jerseyites should remember December 28th for a long time to come, and no doubt they will.

And, in speaking of the deaf-mute the mysterious action of the brain as shown in dreams has had attention called to it quite often of late by extraordinary occurrences. In New York most of the noted scientists make little or no distinction in the mysterious forces of the mind, as exemplified in dreams, between the deaf-mute and hearing person. The theory of these scientists is that dreams are simply a jumble up of scenes the dreamer has "gone through." So it has been well said that "there is more in heaven and on earth than is dreamed of in our philosophy:

"My slumbers—if I slumber—are not sleep,  
But a continuance of enduring thought."

One of my most painful duties is to state that, aside from the glory and high tribute paid annually to the late elder Gallaudet by the deaf of New York, there has been a great deal of criticism shown toward the management of these affairs. Such celebrations demand all the skill and ingenuity that experience can muster and that efforts be directed and so centered that the result be for "the greatest good to the largest number." It is now on the lips of New Yorkers that the Union League, Xavier and Quad clubs will combine to honor Gallaudet next December 10th, providing the Manhattan Literary Association refuses to join hands or lives until that time of 1896.

The deaf of New York like to have a good time once in a while. This is especially the case with the Fanwood Quad club, which numbers among its members some of the brainiest and jolliest of the metropolitan deaf. Here the editor, the teacher, the artist, the printer, and representatives of many trades and professions all meet on common ground, recognizing their less favored brethren as equals with equal rights. But it is in the annual "Stag" on New Year's Eve that the members demonstrate general goodwill and spirit of jollity to best advantage. A liberal spread is served, pipes are smoked, jokes are cracked, stories told, prizes contested for, etc., etc., until midnight when the Old year departs and silently enters the New, Toasts are drunk, "Auld Lang Syne" recited, horns are blown and the members scatter for home. This year the Stag was held at the Washington Bridge Hotel, in close proximity to those two beautiful bridges that span the Harlem river in Upper New York. The genial President, whose name is familiar to the deaf from Maine to California—E. A. Hodgson—delivered a most comical speech, which was none the less amusing than the decorations of the "Mystic order" which he wore. After that—the fun began—details being unnecessary.

The annual ball of the Fanwood Quad club took place on Wednesday evening, January 22nd, and was a success in every way. Being the only ball held by the deaf of Gotham this season it drew an attendance that was more gratifying than that which has attended any ball held by the club. The attendance was not only large but a representative one, many new faces being seen and who are known as "once a year's."

The ball was well officered, the dances and costumes up to date, and every thing passed off in a most pleasant and satisfactory manner, with enjoyment to the guests and with credit to the club. The Quadites thereby added another step to their ladder.

The Rev. Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Mr. Koehler exchanged pulpits on Jan. 19th. Dr. Gallaudet is pastor of St. Ann's church, which now is without a home, and Rev. Mr. Koehler is pastor of All Souls' Church for Deaf-Mutes in Phila., Pa. The audience was large and the popularity of the visiting clergyman was clearly shown. Mr. Koehler is a semi-mute and is an eloquent speaker, using the signs with clearness and grace. He is a graduate of the Mount Airy school.

It is proposed to hold a Fair during February or March for the benefit of the Gallaudet Home in the Sunday school rooms of St. John's church.

I have turned over a new leaf—nay, many of them, but the Editor has decided that this letter occupy the same place in his paper for 1896. It will be spicy and interesting and the words of our President that "the National credit must be maintained," applies in another form to the SILENT WORKER. So here's to prosperity, good will, and peace on earth.

ROBERT E. MAYNARD.

## NEWARK JOTTINGS.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Howard are reported to be spending their honeymoon in the South.

Mr. A. L. Thomas has moved down town where he has found temporary quarters for the winter.

Mrs. Charles McManus presented her husband with a sweet little baby-boy on the 31st of December. Mother and child are doing nicely.

The advent of snow and ice have been joyously welcomed by those who love outdoor games. Skating, of course, is the most popular of all winter sports with the boys.

Miss Bertha Freeman attends the Wright-Humason School at present. Miss Helen Keller is being educated there too. This private school is believed to be one of the most fashionable schools in New York for the deaf.

A. D. Salmon, of Ledgewood, N. J., who has been nicknamed the "practical young farmer," was in town to see us boys during the holidays. He is giving special attention to the raising of poultry this year, which is a new undertaking he has taken up lately. He had a complete incubator built recently and hopes to make a success in the raising of poultry. May success crown his effort!

PEVERIL.

It is a habit with some people when they wish their own virtues to look the whitest, always to use the faults of others as a background.

A woman's timidity generally is of small things. But when a great pain is to be suffered, a keen hardship to be endured, she faces it unflinchingly where man weakens and is afraid. The woman who screams at the sight of a mouse will grit her teeth under the surgeon's knife and not ejaculate a sound.

# In The Mystic Land of Silence,

A ROMANCE

BY ERNEST J. D. ABRAHAM

EDITOR OF THE "BRITISH DEAF-MUTE."

Illustrated by Alexander McGregor, a Deaf-Mute.

## CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

WE spent many hours in what we at first thought would prove a fruitless task—the persuading of Milcobal and Ita to conduct us to their country. On my promising that, should we be so fortunate as to reach the Mystic Land in safety, if it was the desire



VIEW OF THE CITY IN THE LAND OF SILENCE.

of the Utama or rulers, we would depart from the land by the same path we entered it, and never reveal to living man what we had witnessed, the Silentians consented to be our guides, and to return with us to their own country.

Having hidden a considerable portion of our tinned meat and fruit, ammunition and utensils, we divided such luggage as we thought we might need on our long journey through the interior of the mountains, and after a good meal we at once set off up the mountain.

For three days we continued to ascend, and toward the close of the evening of the third day we came upon the entrance of a cavern. It was but small, and might easily have been passed by unnoticed. Ita, however, had been on the look-out, and he at once recognised it as the very same through which he and his companion had passed a few months back.

Before entering we collected together festoons of creepers, ferns, and shrubs, and covered the opening, leaving just sufficient room for us to creep through. This we did to prevent the Thibetians—should they pursue us—from finding their way into the cavern.

On the morning of the second day after we entered the cave we found the boat that had borne the Silentians on their terrible voyage. It was, of course, useless to us, for even had we had the material to make oars, it would have been practically impossible to row against so powerful a stream. There was but one way for us to reach the Mystic Land, and that was, to walk.

We were careful to keep by the side of the stream, as by so doing we could not lose our way. Nothing of importance happened until the morning of the sixth day, when we came suddenly upon the horde of savages that had so terrified the Silentians. When they first caught sight of us they stood amazed for fully three minutes, and then, with angry yells which shook the cavern, they madly rushed toward us. Quick as thought I raised my rifle and fired. The savages, hearing the noise, came to a full stop. We could feel the walls of the cavern vibrate with the noise of the rifle and the shrieks of the wild creatures. The bullet had evidently struck the foremost man, for he seemed to lose his balance, then, as if with great effort, stood erect for a moment, then fell forward with a heavy thud on his face. The savages gathered round him, their every action showing fear, wonderment, and de-

spair. Presently four of the more powerful of these weird creatures—I cannot call them men—lifted the dead man, and in response to a signal from one of the leaders they all disappeared into the shadows of the dark cavern.

It is not my purpose to describe here the wonderful things we saw in the mysterious cavern under the mountains. A full account will be found recorded in another part of this manuscript. It is sufficient to mention that after ten days of most painful travelling, sometimes having to find our way by means of torches for hours together because of the awful darkness, after which the sun would burst through the crevices in the rocks, half-blinding us for a time, we came to a huge wall of rock, from under which, as through a tunnel, the mighty stream rushed out. This was evidently the place where the Silentians were thrown into the water.

## CHAPTER VIII.

SEEING a crevice through which came a powerful shaft of light, Akalabo climbed up the rocks towards it, and about thirty feet from the ground he found a narrow ledge on which were a number of those strange shell boats like unto that in which the Silentians had been cast on the waters. We were confident now that we had indeed reached the Land of Silence. One after another we ascended the rocks, and, having secured firm foothold on the ledge, we set about examining the rocks in the hope of finding the entrance.

After we had searched in vain for some four or five hours, and just as we were about to descend for a rest and take our mid-day meal, I noticed at about ten feet above us what seemed to be a flag. With great difficulty I managed to reach the place, and found that the article I believed to be a flag was a piece of the same kind of material of which the Silentians' costumes were made. It was wedged in between two rocks. This, I thought, might be the entrance, so without warning my friends of my intention, I put my united strength into one effort and threw myself against the rock, which at once flew outward and I shot through the gap it left, rolled down a steep hill, and fell with a thud at the bottom.

I must have been severely stunned by the fall, for when I was again able to think, I found myself lying on a luxurious and handsomely-carved divan in a magnificently furnished apartment. There were many marble columns, and statues of remarkable grandeur, executed in what appeared to me to be gold and silver. The walls were decorated with various kinds of tapestry and paintings, and the ceiling glittered with jewels.

In front of me, reclining on a settee in a most graceful and modest posture, was a maiden of exquisite beauty. Her features were delicate, but most even and clear cut. Her eyes were dark, the colour I could not see; for all I knew they might have been dark-blue or violet or black; they were so wondrously bright and penetrating that one dare not look into them sufficiently long to tell their colour.

She was robed in a neatly arranged tunic, made of some pure white and soft, clinging material unknown to me; her arms and neck were bare, except for a few rows of curious but beautiful jewels. On her fair head were two silver wings held in place by a silver band. Her hair was curly, and of a fair golden hue, being braided about her head with white ribbons. Her girdle was remarkably pretty. It was made of metal; of a very light-blue in colour, and seemed to emit various shades of luminous light; in fact, I can only describe it by comparing this curious girdle to a miniature lime-light.

I felt that I must be dreaming, for never

in my life had I ever seen so beautiful a being. I closed my eyes and raised my hand to my brow, and tried hard to bring to my memory what had happened since I fell through the opening in the rocks. But I could remember nothing. My mind wandered back to all the adventures and experiences in the caverns. I could distinctly recall everything that happened up to the time of my fall, but nothing else. I gave up the attempt in despair, and for several moments lay in a kind of stupor.

When I again opened my eyes, this beautiful angel—yes, I could not then bring myself to think of her as "woman"—was bending over me. One of her exquisitely formed arms rested on the soft downy pillow at my head, her liquid eyes were swimming in tears, and I could feel warm sweet breath on my forehead.

Thrill after thrill of inexpressible joy passed through my whole frame. I felt enchanted—fascinated—my cheeks glowed and my heart palpitated. Were those tears for me, I began to wonder. How sweet the thought—and yet why should she weep for me.

I glanced at the loving face once more, and then felt assured by the sympathetic look I received that the lovely being was indeed moved with compassion and sympathy for me.

Presently a warm tear fell upon my cheek, making my face flush red, my eyes sparkle and my lips quiver. I tried to raise my head, and she quickly withdrew my hand from the divan, and anxiously enquired in most graceful signs—

"What needest thou, good stranger?"

"What place is this, who brought me here, and where are my companions, fair lady?" I asked.

"You are in the palace of Zipha, the beloved of the people, and were brought here by his request, dear stranger; your companion, the man of wondrous strength, is within the palace anxiously waiting for news of you. None can persuade him to rest in peace and comfort; the night long he has walked through the halls of the palace. He shall be sent for, that he may converse with you. Milcobal and Ita are with their own people. There is much rejoicing in the city, but I must not weary you with a long recital."

"Then I am indeed in the Land of Silence, and you are a Silentian."

"Yes, I believe that is the name your companion of the dusky skin gave our country. I am the daughter of Zipha, and it is because my father has just been elected High-Utama for the coming twenty changes of the moon that the honour of entertaining you, good stranger, was granted him by the people, and I begged of my father the honour and privilege of nursing

you until such time as you could choose an habitation for yourself and companion." "Honour and privilege," thought I; why, I would have forfeited ten years of my life for the privilege of being nursed one brief day by so sweet a woman. Seeing that her nature was so charmingly sweet and generous I feared not to ask her a question that I had ardently desired to put to her since her warm tear touched my cheek.

"May I ask, dear lady, why you were weeping?"

"Good stranger, it was for thee. I have heard somewhat of thy sad story. It was told unto us by Milcobal and Ita in the great assembly hall, whilst the fair moon last watched over us. All the people of the city met to learn the story. The good citizens wept, first with sorrow, then with joy; with sorrow because of the terrible sufferings thou, Milcobal, Ita, and thy companion had undergone; and with joy because

those sorrows are now ended. The people fell on the necks of Milcobal and Ita and kissed them. Great is the rejoicing and many are the feasts that are to be held in remembrance of their returning, and in honour of the fair stranger, and of him of the dark countenance."

This strange speech so affected me that I could not find words to answer. I tried to show the gratitude I felt with my eyes; and by the sweet affectionate smile she gave me I felt that my efforts were not made in vain. She evidently understood me.

## CHAPTER IX.

AT this moment Akalabo appeared at a door at the farther end of the hall bearing a tray of unique workmanship which was loaded with light refreshments. Weak and giddy though I was, I could not help laughing outright when my eyes first fell on my faithful friend. He was dressed in the costume of the country, only the tunic was about two feet too short, and gave him the appearance of a huge child who had outgrown his petticoats. Akalabo explained to me afterwards that the Silentians had insisted on his adopting the costume of the country, but he would not leave the outer hall adjoining that into which he had seen me carried under any pretence. The Silentians thereat brought tunics and other apparel, and forced him, though in a kindly manner, to change his dress in the outer hall. It was not until many piles of costumes had been examined that one was found large enough to suit the fancy of the Silentians; the desire of Akalabo not being considered.

Akalabo's face lit up with delight when he saw me not only conscious but also well enough to laugh. He held the tray whilst my fair companion poured some rich sparkling wine into a pretty golden vessel, which she then handed to me. I drank the wine with great relish, and also refreshed myself with a selection of choice and beautiful fruits.

Now two Silentians entered, carrying a rich change of raiments. Whilst they were placing the apparel at my feet my vision of loveliness, with quiet and stately dignity, arose, blessed me with a most graceful bow and pleasant smile, and glided from the hall.

It was Akalabo's turn to laugh now for the Silentians at once set to work disrobing me, and in much less time than it would take to describe the process I had been transformed into a Silentian. When the costumes had left us, in response to my volley of questions, Akalabo told me what had occurred after I shot through the opening in the rocks. It appeared that at the time I made my sudden entrance in



IN THE PALACE OF ZIPHA.

this mysterious but exceedingly pleasant country, a number of Silentians were in the neighborhood, and saw me roll down the rocks. Milcoba, Ita, and Akalak succeeded in climbing to the opening just in time to see the Silentians lift me up and start off towards the city. My friends soon succeeded in overtaking us, and Milcoba having briefly explained our position to his fellow-countrymen, at Ita's suggestion we were all taken to the palace of the Utama, who was a kind of a president or magistrate. Zipha and his daughter Chaisa received us kindly and watched the recital of our story with great interest: Chaisa became much affected, especially at my unconscious condition. At the request of Chaisa I was removed to the Marble Hall. Zipha sent out various messengers with instructions to tell the people of the city to meet in the large Assembly Hall.

[To be continued.]

## You Can Get It at Kaufman's:



**THE BRITISH DEAF-MUTE**  
AND DEAF CHRONICLE  
PUBLISHED BY EPPS'S COCOA  
No. 10, St. 10  
Two Pence  
The Magazine will be sent Free for the first year to all who send for it.

## Particular Notice!

Arrangements have been made by which old subscribers of "The Silent Worker" can get "The British Deaf-Mute", post free, one year for only 50 Cents.

This excellent magazine is published monthly and each number is elaborately illustrated. It has a monthly circulation of 15,000 copies, which makes it the leading magazine for the deaf of all classes in world.

## Our Offer.

In order to increase the circulation of *The Silent Worker*, and to bring the deaf of this country into closer touch with the British deaf-mutes, we will offer both *The Silent Worker* and *The British Deaf-Mute* together one year for only 75 Cents.

Remember that, by taking both, you get two of the finest illustrated magazines of the class in the world.

"Ephphatha," another English magazine for the Deaf, offers to club with the above. This magazine takes the place of the "Church Messenger," under the same management, and while containing the same policy will be much improved in style and general get up. The three papers can be had for only \$1.05. Single subscriptions 50 cents.

Send money direct to

"THE SILENT WORKER,"

Trenton, N. J.

## The Best

of all Cough Medicines is Dr. Acker's English Remedy. It will stop a cough in one night, check a cold in one day, prevent croup, relieve asthma, and cure consumption, if taken in time. It is made on honor, from the purest ingredients and contains neither opium nor morphine. If the little ones have croup or whooping cough, use it promptly. \*\*\*\*\*

Three Sizes—25c., 50c. and \$1 per bottle. At Druggists.

ACKER MEDICINE CO.,  
16 and 18 Chambers Street, New York.

## In a Hurry To Paint



Are all those who appreciate the value of paint as a protection against the elements. The paints you get from us will be the genuine article, and the color of our prices match our paints.

A fresh coat of paint put in the right place bids defiance to Time our homes to decay. I sing thy praises, Paint, who savest from decay, and holds Old Time's destroying hand, and sayest to him nay. For best Paints, Oils, Varnishes, &c., call on

## E. F. HOOPER & CO.,

No. 8 South Warren Street,

Only exclusive Paint House in the city.

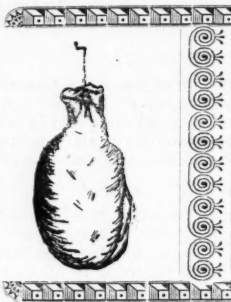


For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

**Scientific American**  
Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, \$3.00 a year; \$1.50 six months. Address, MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York City.

## D. P. Forst & Co.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS &



## Curers of Provisions

TRENTON, N. J.

Trenton City Sugar Cure.

W. H. SKIRM.  
JOSEPH M. FORST.  
WM. S. COVERT.

## JOHN E. THROPP & SONS CO.,

MARINE  
& STATIONARY

## ENGINES & BOILERS.

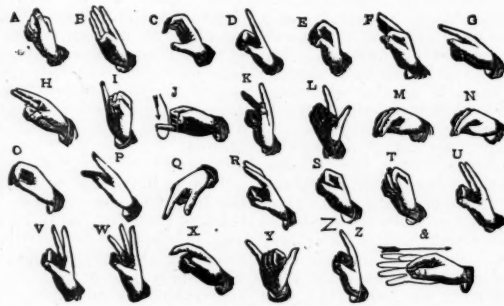
MACHINERY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.  
HEAVY CASTINGS.

REPAIRING OF ALL KINDS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

TRENTON, N. J.

## MANUAL ALPHABET CALLING CARDS.

No extra charge for mailing.



Cash must accompany all orders.

50 Cards, . . . With or without name, . . . 25 Cents.  
100 Cards, . . . With or without name, . . . Fifty Cents.

Sent to any address on receipt of price.

Address: "The Silent Worker," Trenton, N. J.

C. RIBSAM & SONS,  
Nurserymen—  
Florists and Seedsmen  
Broad and Front Streets,  
TRENTON, N. J.

We have always on hand the best grades of  
LEHIGH COALS  
For domestic and manufacturing purposes.  
ALSO KINDLING WOOD.  
Now is the time to order coal. 25 cents per ton discount for cash.  
Michael Hurley,  
512 Perry St.

WAGNER & MEYER,  
- Butchers -  
Dealers in BEEF, PORK, VEAL, LAMB  
and MUTTON.  
Stalls 45 and 46, City Market.

For Artistic Photographs  
go to **KRAUCH'S STUDIO**  
153 State St.  
(Beer's old stand)  
The finest cabinet in this city at \$3 per dozen.

**SAMUEL HEATH,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN  
**LUMBER, LIME, COAL and WOOD,**  
334 Perry St., TRENTON, N. J.  
TELEPHONE 52

**J. M. ATWOOD,**  
Dealer in  
**Fish, Game and Oysters.**  
35 East Front St., Washington Market,  
TRENTON, N. J.

**GEO. W. PRICE,**  
DEALER IN  
**Fresh Pork, Sausage, Lard & Hams**  
\* \* Prepared \* \*  
Beef, Ham and Breakfast Mutton.  
Stalls 43 and 44, City Market.

**TAYLOR & YATES,**  
DEALERS IN  
**Fish and Oysters,**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.  
City Market, Trenton, N. J.



**SCHOOL BOOKS SUPPLIES MAPS CHARTS GLOBES 59 FIFTH AVE N. Y. CITY W. B. HARISON.**

**MATTHEWS & STEEPY**  
HEADQUARTERS FOR

Florida and  
Hot-house Produce

—A SPECIALTY.  
**CHICKEN**  
and **GAME** in season.  
13 AND 14 CITY MARKET.

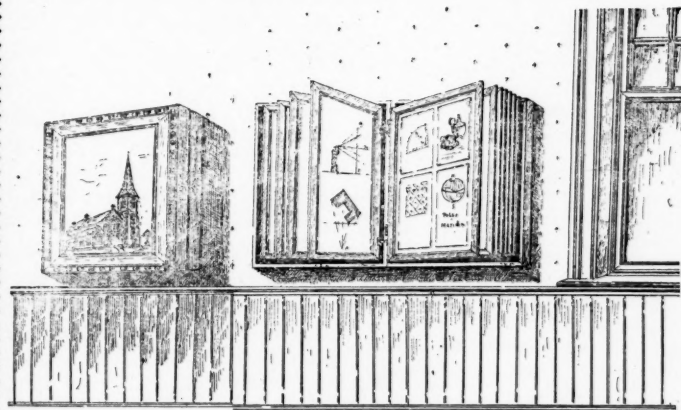
**Dry Goods,  
Cloaks,  
Millinery**

EVERYTHING NEW AND DESIRA-  
BLE AT THE LOWEST PRICES AT  
WHICH THEY CAN BE SOLD. . .  
WAITING AND RETIRING ROOMS  
FOR LADIES AND CHILDREN. . .

**THE GRANT DRY GOODS CO.,**  
105-109 E. State st.  
"Read our ads."

✕ **J. M. BURGNER** ✕  
**Millham Vienna Bakery**  
No. 615 Clinton Avenue,  
TRENTON, N. J.

## EDUCATIONAL LEAF CABINET.



CLOSED.

OPEN.

(Patent applied for.)

**A New Device for School Use,** in which can be  
mounted for preservation and use, specimens of Pen Work,  
and Maps, Charts, Clippings, Photographs or Illustrations of  
any kind.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

**New Jersey School-Church  
Furniture Co.**

**TRENTON, - - - NEW JERSEY.**

Write for Circular and Prices, also Catalogue of School  
Furniture.

### THE NEW JERSEY

State Normal and Model Schools.

### THE NORMAL SCHOOL

Is a professional School, devoted to the  
preparation of teachers for the Public  
Schools of New Jersey.

Its course involves a thorough knowledge  
of subject matter, the faculties of mind,  
and how so to present that subject matter as  
to conform to the laws of mental development.

### THE MODEL SCHOOL

Is a thorough Academic Training School,  
preparatory to college, business or the draw-  
ing-room.

The schools are well provided with ap-  
paratus for all kinds of work, laboratories,  
manual training room, gymnasium, &c.

The cost per year for boarders, including  
board, washing, tuition, books, &c., is from  
\$154 to \$160 for those intending to teach,  
and \$200 for others.

The cost for day pupils is four dollars a  
year for cost of books for those intending to  
teach, and from \$26 to \$58 per year, accord-  
ing to grade, for those in the Model.

The Boarding Halls are lighted by gas,  
heated by steam, well ventilated, provided  
with baths and the modern conveniences.  
The sleeping rooms are nicely furnished and  
very cosy.

For further particulars apply to the Prin-  
cipal,

**J. M. GREEN.**

## F. S. Katzenbach & Co.,

35 EAST STATE STREET, TRENTON, N. J.

**Hardware, Heaters, Ranges, Mantles,  
Grates, Tile Heaters and Facings.**

*Plumbers, Steam and Gas Fitters, Steam and Hot Water Heating.*

**ELECTRICAL SUPPLIES,**

**BICYCLES, BICYCLE SUPPLIES**

The better you become acquainted with our business  
methods, the more you learn of the liberal manner with which  
we deal with our patrons—the more goods you will buy of us  
each year.

*Dry Goods and Millinery,*

**S. P. DINHAM & CO.,**  
TRENTON,

### A Silent Worker

Is the value I put in every clothing price—a wonder that brings  
me business. FALL CLOTHING NOW READY FOR YOUR INSPECTION.

SUCCESSOR TO

**R. A. DONNELLY.**

**B. F. Gunson,**

Famous Clothier.

**OPERA HOUSE STORES.**

**E. B. SKELLENGER, M.D.,**  
**DRUGS AND MEDICINES,**  
 Prescriptions carefully compounded from the  
 best material.  
 Cor. Hamilton Ave. & Hudson St.,  
 TRENTON, N. J.

GO TO  
**CONVERY & WALKER,**  
 129 North Broad St.,  
 and see the largest line of Furniture and  
 Carpets in the city.

**STOLL'S** 30 East State St.  
 SCHOOL SUPPLIES,  
 SPORTING GOODS & GAMES,  
 Outdoor Sports  
 & Amusements.

**TRENTON  
 HARDWARE CO.**  
 (Successors to Dunn Hardware and Paint Co.)

Hardware, House-Furnishing Goods, Cutlery,  
 Heaters, Ranges, Stoves, Grates,  
 Tiles, Wood and Slate Mantels,  
 Tin Roofing, Gas Fixtures,  
 Oil Cloths, &c., &c.

13 E. State St. TRENTON, N. J.

DO YOU KNOW  
**HOTTEL**

Sells the best \$1.50 and \$2.00 Derby in the  
 city, also a full line of fine Hats,  
 College Caps, &c.  
 33 East State St.

**THE LACE WEB SPRING.**  
 (Patented August 12, 1884.)

This Bed Spring is the most complete ever offered  
 to the public. It is guaranteed to stand a pressure  
 of 2000 pounds. For simplicity, beauty, comfort  
 and durability, it has no equal. There is no  
 wood, chains, hooks, or rivets used in its construction.  
 Handled by all first-class furniture dealers.  
 Manufactured exclusively by the

**TRENTON SPRING MATTRESS CO.,**  
 TRENTON, N. J.

**EYES** Examined by skillful  
 Specialists  
**AT APPELEGATE'S**  
 STATE & WARREN STS.,  
 TRENTON, N. J.  
 Satisfaction Guaranteed.

**BE SURE**

and buy your clothing at the **American  
 Clothing & Tailoring Co.**, 3 East  
 State St., cor. Warren. Clothing to order  
 if desired; pants to measure, \$3, \$4, and  
 \$5. Coat and vest, \$10, and up to order

**R-I-P-A-N-S**

The modern stand-  
 ard Family Medi-  
 cine: **Cures** the  
 common every-day  
 ills of humanity.



ONE GIVES RELIEF.

## New Jersey State School for Deaf-Mutes.



### STATE BOARD OF EDUCATION.

BOND V. THOMAS, . . . . . Millville.  
 GEORGE A. FREY, . . . . . Camden.  
 J. BINGHAM WOODWARD, . . Bordentown.  
 SILAS R. MORSE, . . . . . Atlantic City.  
 JAMES DESHLER, . . . . . New Brunswick.  
 T. FRANK APPLEBY, . . . . . Asbury Park.  
 STEVEN C. LARISON, . . . . . Hackettstown.  
 STEVEN PEIRSON, . . . . . Morristown.  
 FRANCIS SCOTT, . . . . . Paterson.  
 JOSEPH P. COOPER, . . . . . Rutherford.  
 JAMES M. SEYMOUR, . . . . . Newark.  
 JAMES L. HAYS, . . . . . Newark.  
 WILLIAM R. BARRICKLO, . . . . Jersey City.  
 EVAN STEADMAN, . . . . . Hoboken.  
 BENJAMIN A. CAMPBELL, . . . . Elizabeth.  
 JAMES OWEN, . . . . . Montclair.

### Officers of The Board.

JAMES S. HAYS, President.  
 JAMES M. SEYMOUR, Vice-President.  
 ADDISON B. POLAND, Secretary.  
 WILLIAM S. HANCOCK, Treasurer School  
 for Deaf-Mutes.

### OFFICERS AND TEACHERS.

PRINCIPAL,  
 WESTON JENKINS, A.M.  
 STEWARD,  
 THOMAS F. HEARNEN.  
 MATRON,  
 MRS. LAURENCIA F. MYERS.  
 SUPERVISOR OF BOYS,  
 B. H. SHARP.  
 ASSISTANT SUPERVISOR,  
 MISS ANNA C. FITZPATRICK.  
 SUPERVISOR OF GIRLS,  
 MRS. LOLA M. SWARTZ.  
 ATTENDING PHYSICIAN,  
 WILLIAM S. LALOR, M.D.  
 NURSE,  
 MRS. ELIZABETH V. SMITH.  
 RECEIVER,  
 MISS CARRIE S. CONGER.

### Teachers of Academic Department.

ROWLAND B. LLOYD, A.B.  
 MISS VIRGINIA H. BUNTING.  
 MRS. ROSA KEELER.  
 MISS MARY D. TILSON.  
 MISS FLORENCE A. BROWN.  
 MISS ADELAIDE A. HENDERSHOT.  
 MISS ELEANOR Q. STOKES.

### Industrial Department.

MRS. FRANCES H. PORTER, . . . Drawing  
 GEORGE S. PORTER, . . . . . Printing  
 LOUIS R. ABBOTT, . . . . . Wood-working  
 WALTER WHALEN, . . . . . Shoemaking  
 MISS EMMA L. BILBEE, . . . . Sewing

### TERMS OF ADMISSION.

THE NEW JERSEY SCHOOL FOR  
 DEAF-MUTES, established by act approv-  
 ed March 31st, 1882, offers its advantages on  
 the following conditions: The candidate  
 must be a resident of the State, not less  
 than eight nor more than twenty-one years  
 of age, deaf, and of sufficient physical  
 health and intellectual capacity to profit by  
 the instruction afforded. The person mak-  
 ing application for the admission of a child  
 as a pupil is required to fill out a blank form,  
 furnished for the purpose, giving necessary  
 information in regard to the case. The  
 application must be accompanied by a cer-  
 tificate from a county judge or county  
 clerk of the county, or the chosen free-  
 holder or township clerk of the township,  
 or the mayor of the city, where the appli-  
 cant resides, also a certificate from two  
 freeholders of the county. These cer-  
 tificates are printed on the same sheet  
 with the forms of application, and are  
 accompanied by full directions for fill-  
 ing them out. Blank forms of application  
 and any desired information in regard to  
 the school, may be obtained by writing to  
 the following address:

**Weston Jenkins, A.M.,**  
 TRENTON, N. J. *Principal.*

## PATENT ELASTIC FELT MATTRESSES

Used by this institution, and thousands of others, and made solely by

**OSTERMOOR & CO., 116 ELIZABETH ST., N. Y. CITY.**

GUARANTEED NEVER TO MAT OR PACK. VERMIN PROOF AND NON-ABSORBENT.

**SUPERIOR TO HAIR IN EVERY RESPECT.**

To anyone sending us this advertisement will sell one double mattress for \$12.00

CHURCH CUSHIONS, WROUGHT IRON BEDSTEADS, WOVE WIRE MATTRESSES.

Subscribe for "The Silent Worker"

"Quality, not Quantity."

The best regularly illus-  
 trated paper for the  
 Deaf in the U. S.



**50 CENTS A YEAR**



Every issue bright and  
 interesting. The in-  
 telligent Deaf read it